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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Home-Keeping Minds

COOPER used to complain that Americans were not interested in a serious study of their own past. He probably argued from his own experience, for the more serious and the more historical he became in his own writings, the more certain he was to be dull. But no one can say today that the intelligent native reader is not interested in the past, or the present, of his country; it is its future which does not seem to concern him.

The American past, especially the American past which does not appear in the chronicles of great events, has had a tremendous vogue in books of recent years. One needs only to recall at random the home life of the young Lincoln as Sandburg has recounted it, the "Golden Day" of Lewis Mumford, the numerous biographies of pioneers, the revival of interest in P. T. Barnum, the Mormons, George Washington, Jefferson, and the Great Federalists, Mrs. Reginald de Koven's interesting study of a Chicago family, books on the Southern plantation, on Audubon and Franklin—and this spring, Beard's comprehensive study of American civilization in the making, and Parrington's two volumes on the history of American intellectual development.

As for our present, no European nation is so engaged in close satiric scrutiny of the traits and possibilities developed by an industrial democratic culture of a century, just as no European nation is so busy in romanticizing its favorite types of success in money and in love. From the latter, our popular magazines are made and the spill over floats the tabloids. From the former come our chief contributions to literature, the best plays of the contemporary stage, and a great deal of vigorous journalism.

This is good enough, and yet it is curious how little concern we Americans have for larger problems affecting humanity and our own future. Our attitude toward the League, and international questions generally, seems to repeat accurately the conditions that govern our literature.

* * *

English books are full of speculation. The English writers, Wells, Galsworthy, Foerster, May Sinclair, Shaw, and many others, are always breaking into philosophies of the Next Step, sometimes to the derogation of their own art. Once that was equally true here. New England, in its golden day, found the world too small for its speculations, and the whole theme of Emerson might be defined as what Americans could be if they chose. Even in the lesser departments of rhetoric and oratory, "manifest destiny" was only one of the slogans which were sure to get applause from audiences always looking toward posterity.

However, in spite of critics and reformers, each generation usually gets the books it deserves and probably the books it needs. There is a new type of American man, complacent, a little paunchy, intensely commercial, and much more concerned with his business than with other people's souls, or his own, for that matter. It helped to call him Babbitt, but that was only a description of a type and one-sided also. Apparently we must get him a little more clearly before the novelists will pass on to universals or the future. The American woman, too, challenges analysis. She has changed away from type instead of toward it. Fifty years ago they spoke of "the American woman" and meant something, whereas, while the men have become more standardized, she has become much more various. The feminine for Babbitt is not likely to come into the language.

Still, we could use a few books, particularly a few novels, that would look out of Kentucky or New York or the Middle West, into the kind of life problems that Thomas Mann considers, or Jacob Wassermann, or the Scandinavians, or even

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The Red Dress

By SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

DRESS, you are braver than I.
You will not warp or fade
Though you shall be laid
In an oak chest, by and by.

Others shall lift you thence,
To the patter and stir
Of shrivelled lavender;
With female reverence.

Murmuring in awed tone:
"So rare the web, so rich
The broiderer's stitch on stitch—
See, it will stand alone!"

Good dress, I charge you, be
In other time, other place
To some woman of my race
True as you were to me.

In the warfare of sex
Be at eye's onset
Like the ring of a trumpet
To challenge and perplex;

When souls clash in the fray
To the breast at stake a shield
Whose scarlet shall not yield
Nor leak of blood betray;

And in that hour surprising
When the heart's garrison
Know themselves undone,
A flag still flying.

This Week

"Air Warfare." Reviewed by *Edward P. Warner.*

"The Bible in Ireland." Reviewed by *R. H. Murray.*

"Fire Under the Andes." Reviewed by *Arthur W. Colton.*

"Pheasant Jungles." Reviewed by *Samuel Scoville, Jr.*

"The Silent Zone." Reviewed by *Earnest Elmo Calkins.*

Three War Novels. Reviewed by *James Boyd.*

Next Week, or Later

Hans Christian Andersen. By *Padraic Colum.*

Winds of Criticism*

By PERCY H. BOYNTON
University of Chicago

WHEN Theodore Roosevelt was in the White House, and Calvin Coolidge in a Northampton law office, and Sinclair Lewis was a Yale freshman, American complacency was not consciously national. It was simply non-European; yet in time even this feeling became clearly enough demarked to give grounds for the beginnings of a reaction. There were a few cosmopolitans in the country who had all along been aware of the prevailing provincialism but had no leanings toward cultural evangelizing, and there was a normal insurgent group of young collegians, whose utterances were normally bumptious and biased, based as usual on enthusiasm and half-information. It was up with the fleur-de-lys or the shamrock or any other flower but the Mayflower for them. It was art for art's sake and a-morality and triolets and pastels in prose; but most of all it was Europa rediviva. They were what young insurgents ought to be, and in the end they lent a fresh impulse to literary criticism and general criticism in America.

It was not because there had been no criticism at all in America that the enders-of-the-century had led to a little local renascence; it was simply because criticism resembles a play or a song or a picture in falling short of fulfilment until it is communicated, because criticism is not only like a quarrel but like almost everything else in life except suicide in taking two to make it. Emerson had been canonized and entombed. Poe and Whitman, Howells and James, had written sometimes acutely, sometimes provocatively, and without response. Norton, as his letters show, had kept ahead of Ruskin and had led him to revise many verdicts. Lowell, notably in "The Cathedral," had fallen short of the "Commemoration Ode" in eloquence but had excelled it in mature sagacity, though he was known for the "Fable" and "The Vision of Sir Launfal." Henry Adams was destined to wait for a posthumous *succès d'estime;* George E. Woodberry and W. C. Brownell, to deserve and to win the attention of a very select, very discriminating, and extremely limited *clientèle.* On the other hand there was Harry Thurston Peck.

* * *

Two contemporary critics have supplied a nice antithesis in a pair of contrasting portraits—Mr. Sherman with a full length of Mr. Brownell, and Mr. Beer with a Kit Kat of Professor Peck. Mr. Brownell, potential mediator between the Party of Culture and the Party of Nature, is of course a distinguished representative of the former, but a critically understanding and tolerant one. His work, beginning with "French Traits" in 1889 and "French Art" in 1892, continued with "Victorian Prose Masters," "American Prose Masters," "Criticism," and "Standards," the latter four all after the turn of the century. Mr. Sherman doubted, with reason, whether any other critic in America "is more abundantly supplied with those general ideas in which the permanent value of critical writing largely resides, and whether any other has contributed as much toward the definition of culture's own standards, the creation of a cultural ideal, the description of culture's business in a modern democracy." Mr. Brownell's first two

*This essay constitutes a chapter in Mr. Boynton's "More Contemporary Americans," shortly to be issued by the Chicago University Press.

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books on the French character and its fruits in painting and sculpture belonged to an American period of awakening cosmopolitanism, and the chapters in which he brought his observations in France to bear on his own country were patriotic only in the painful incisiveness of their candor.

But Mr. Brownell did not write in the spirit of the discoverer or the exhorter. The culture of the Old World was not a new and exciting phenomenon for him and did not afford him grounds for the abandonment of critical standards. In fact, nothing was exciting to him and all he knew reinforced his faith in standards. Moreover, he relentlessly insisted upon thinking, and offered no resting places of biography, anecdote, gossip, or digression to those who would read as they ran. In this austere intellectuality Mr. Sherman found a defect not in Mr. Brownell's commodity but in what the brisk philistine world would call his salesmanship. So Mr. Sherman doubted, again with reason, "whether the art of criticism can, in the present state of our public, be most effectively practiced within the limits of this field," and whether such a practice does not very definitely limit the critic's powers of exerting an influence on a general audience. Mr. Sherman's doubt was a rhetorical doubt. Mr. Brownell's type of criticism will never directly reach a popular audience. But Mr. Brownell is doubtless uninterested in this fact. He writes in a passage not cited by Mr. Sherman, that the end of a critic's effort "is a true estimate of the data encountered in that search for beauty which from Plato to Keats has been virtually identified with truth, and the highest service to criticism is to secure that the true and the beautiful, and not the ugly and the false, may in wider and wider circles of appreciation be esteemed to be the good."

This was not the message nor the manner to enlist wide attention in the days of "French Traits" and "French Art." It was an accepted gospel for those few Americans of the generation of Arnold and Lowell who read Lowell and Arnold. It was a gospel that was deeply informed in the European culture that was exciting the generation of Moody and Hovey. But it was calmly aware of what it knew and uncalculated and unqualified to stir the group who were throwing up their hats at Garland's "Crumbling Idols."

* * *

Professor Harry Thurston Peck was more to their taste, an evangelistic liberal preaching a miscellaneous doctrine of emancipation from everything in general. Let us accept Mr. Beer's dicta, which are set down in friendly admiration: He was a man of "fractious brilliance," whose "interest in the world about him expressed itself anyhow." "There was, in the 90's a distinguished but scattering and, of course, ineffective effort toward a primary sophistication in American letters. . . . Peck's importance in the movement is clear." He and others "did what they could, in varying ways, for the European continent in letters." One can imagine the gratitude of the European thespians to the busy American callboy of Rimbaud, Laforgue, Vielé-Griffin, Mallarmé, Krafft-Ebing, Hugues Leroux, De Joux, Huysmanns, Prévost, Sudermann, Hauptmann, and Remy de Gourmont. One can understand why "a conventional female author of the period accused him of taking unnecessary trouble in dragging out the foreign writers," and can harmonize this complaint with Mr. Beer's own statement that "his mind was a goldfish everlastingly drawn by some bright object to the glass of its tank."

And one dwells ruminatively on the paragraph with which Mr. Beer follows this metaphor. For it appears that the mind of the fractious genius was continually "swirling off in fright to shelter in weeds." Nietzsche startled him. Ingersoll scared him, George Moore annoyed him. "He wanted to be mundane, and . . . honestly strove to be liberal," but he was beset by "the Puritan ghost." He dallied with the thought of being an image-breaker but was frightened by the work of the other iconoclasts. He was a pathetically emancipated person who was indeterminate and vacillating because in his emancipation he found himself philosophically without visible or invisible means of support. He enjoyed at the moment a much wider hearing than Mr. Brownell, but he has already become a fading echo of a half-forgotten day.

As between Mr. Brownell and Mr. Peck there was no defined issue. As far as there was anything fundamental in Mr. Peck's utterances, they were in fundamental harmony with Mr. Brownell's in their desire to enrich the culture of the new world with the culture of the old, and in their instinctive deference for the very standards which they were somewhat hectically challenging. In response, however, to the journalistic vivacities of Mr. Peck the American reader indulged in one of his periodic rediscoveries of Europe, personally conducted by a number of enthusiastic guides. Of these the most spontaneous and tireless was Mr. Huneker. In fact, Mr. Huneker was the complete spokesman for his period—schooled in music, versed in the pictorial and plastic arts, theater-goer and play-reader, facile and energetic writer. The number of subjects on which he could speak with some degree of connoisseurship was impressive; the apparent extent of his reading was very great. Yet his comments on the seven arts were always in the nature of specific evaluations, never in the broad, and his allusive powers were limited to specific artists and works of art. He impresses one always as having had the cultural breadth requisite for criticism, but of having gained it on the run and of never having had time to meditate on what he had seen and heard. He had his little audience, yet after the 1890's, and for a good many years after, there was no critical expression in America that caused any measurable portion of the public to stop, look, and listen. Mr. Woodberry? Yes. Mr. More? Yes. Messrs. Mabie and Matthews? Yes. But they gained no general attention, stimulated no new enthusiasm, challenged no preconceptions, raised no vital issues. They were the voices of a complacent period, so even-toned that they evoked almost no interest and no reply at all.

* * *

It remained for the generation born in the last quarter of the 1900's and bred in the years bridging the centuries to begin talking in a new vein. By 1910 they had become vocal. Whatever they had to say was reinforced by the events of 1914 and thereafter. An agitating decade had raised a hundred questions in their minds as to the meanings and values of all sorts of traditions, and the War was not a reassuring answer. They have united almost to a man in condemning the recent past. They have written in general approval of European culture. Puritanism, Victorianism, American provincialism have been their chief targets. Oddly, they have never been concerned with the relation between European culture and European chaos, though they have been unremitting in their assault on the relation between American culture and American commercialism. The resulting controversy—for at last the day dawned of healthy controversy—has not been evenly balanced. The elders have scolded ineffectually or have kept silent, not being schooled in controversy and not caring to be tossed in a blanket or rolled in the mud; and the younger generation supplied only a single really doughty opponent who did his best, though his temper and his tactics were settled by the manhandling he suffered.

Whether their strictures have been sound or not, and certain of them are worth careful attention, the insurgents have achieved very real results in two directions. Mr. Mencken has sounded an alarum. Resembling Poe, the critic, at many points, he has paralleled him at none more closely than in the diabolical effectiveness with which he has trumpeted his cry to the fallen angels of democracy, "Awake! arise! or be forever fallen." He has adopted the rôle of a western Bad Man and plays it consistently whenever he comes on the stage. He is no respecter, he hisses, of persons or of morale. The world is full of charlatans in the pulpit, in the class-room, in legislative halls, on the bench—everywhere. Diogenes was an idiot to waste his time on that famous hunt. The Bad Man would rather let blood than eat breakfast. He strides about the stage brandishing his silver-mounted six-shooters until the curtain falls to slow music. No one is ever fooled by the histrionic swashbuckling—least of all the actor. While the gallery is still thundering he lapses into gentle generosities, back-stage. But he has waked up his audience and sent them away all agog over his desperate villainies. It is an achievement of a kind.

In achieving this Mr. Mencken has contributed toward the building of that important property on the stage of life in which Mr. Van Wyck Brooks is chiefly interested—a background of discussion. Mr. Brooks has his own remarks to make about Puritanism, Victorianism, and American provincialism. But unlike the Bad Man, he is not chiefly interested in shocking people. What he wants more than anything else is to persuade people to think. His quarrel with Puritanism is not because he hates it root and branch; it is because it has been a mixed tradition and the negative elements in it have been at war with those positive elements that are fine and high. So what he aspires to is not so much to demolish an old faith as to proceed from Puritanism to something better. To discover, he says, "The new faith without which America cannot live . . . to build up that programme for the conservation of our spiritual resources, is the task of American criticism." Thus in one way and another a critical interest has been aroused in young America, and a critical objective has been defined.

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To the dispassionate observer it seems as the critical conflict proceeds that more important than the matters on which the contestants are at odds are the matters on which they agree. As one who has sometimes been able to listen to dissent without a rising temperature I question whether it is a *sine qua non*, as the most insistent conservative has declared, to be a good hater. I concur with Mr. Sherman that the critic should have arrived at a philosophy of life, that he should know what he believes in, be able to explain why, and want to be convincing in his explanation. But Mr. Sherman maintained, and again I agree, that the finest product of civilization is a highly cultivated gentleman capable of playing a fine rôle with fine consistency. Yet this means that the critic, if he is to partake of the benefit of the culture he criticizes, must be not only a man of discrimination and conviction, but a man who plays fair and in courtly fashion. Dr. Johnson loved a good hater and was not unnaturally fond of himself. Dr. Johnson was a man of cogency and discrimination, but he was bad-mannered and a poor sportsman. He was willing to misrepresent an opponent, to shout him down, to affront him into silence. His indulgence in hatred dulled his discernment till, in the manner of his kind, he drew no distinction between a good hatred and a petty dislike.

This is what hatred accomplishes, for, as Mr. Sherman said, it is the nature of it, like the nature of love, to dwell on one set of shaping thoughts to the exclusion of all others. Mr. Sherman hated the hatred of what he calls the monoptic school of naturalistic critics and novelists because of its unfairness as well as its unsoundness. He could see no good in Mr. Dreiser and saw no good in Mr. Mencken;—and he tarred his stick out of the same pot with his pet adversary. To either Mr. Mencken or Mr. Sherman the other has been like the posts along the walks that Dr. Johnson could never pass without tagging. When Mr. Mencken said "lascivious" and the other sneered back with "the young, the innocent, the inexperienced," one was uncomfortably reminded of the exchange of taunts between pugilists the only purpose of which is to vent spleen and stir up the bad blood that resorts to slugging and hitting below the belt.

* * *

Aside from the matters of intense conviction which lead to the uncourtliness of recrimination, there is a set of differences as to the function of the critic which need not lead one into the tents of any camp, because, while they may be exclusive of each other, they are not inevitably hostile and often seem clearly complementary. It appears to me that a work of art justifies itself—if that is the proper verb, which I doubt—by its essential qualities and not by its conformity to canons of art. I believe that realism and naturalism have expressed themselves greatly at times, and no less so the various aspects of romanticism. I am no more disposed to champion one or the other of them as the climax of artistic endeavor than to champion the integrity of daylight or attack the fallacy of shadows. I believe that it is as important for the critic to see and declare what the artist is trying to express as it is for him to discuss the modus of expression; that it is as important for him to reassert with the zest of the discoverer what is ancient and honorable in art as it is for the artist to discover the beauty that any might have seen and few have noted; that it is a difference only of approach and emphasis whether the critic seems chiefly to show "a heightened consciousness of deficiencies and corruptions in the scheme and distribution of values that obtain in any period" or to strive by positive precept to make reason and the will of God prevail. It is obvious, moreover, that most critics are specially gifted in some one of these directions, and that no critic can at any one time express himself in all of them.

If this be so, while for my own part I subscribe with the critics who would contribute to a fuller, freer, richer American life—not yet despairing of

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the democratic experiment, and far from certain that I can look in any other direction for a larger measure of hope—even so I am unwilling to lose the stimulation of men of other minds. Since Mr. Brooks first uttered his wish that the winds of doctrine might waft America out from the Sargasso Sea in which it was foundering he has seen a partial but very definite fulfilment of his desire. In these latter years criticism in America has been doing its service to civilization in the United States, a service that could be performed only through the interplay of conflicting opinions. And now that many critics are vocal the finest promise lies in the fact that most of them are sure of the dignity of their undertaking. I have already cited certain of these. At this point at least the rest agree. Says Mr. Eliot, "Criticism is the . . . development of sensibility . . . and as sensibility is rare, unpopular, and desirable, it is to be expected that the critic and the creative artist should frequently be the same person." Says Mr. Mencken, "The critic makes the work of art live for the spectator; he makes the spectator live for the work of art. Out of the process comes understanding, appreciation, intelligent enjoyment—and that is precisely what the artist tried to produce." And Mr. Spingarn goes a step farther in his contention that the critic as his highest achievement "gives us something that the artist as artist cannot give."

So criticism in America is implicitly an attempt by each critic to make of America the kind of country that he would like, which in every case is a better country than it is today. If the critic has had any real measure of experience he is certain that out of the past—his own, America's, mankind's—certain deductions may be drawn; and he knows, too, if he have learned anything, that his own judgment is subject to error and that the worst errors of the past have been based on what was thought to be the ultimate truth. He becomes up to the level of his capacities an artist in his sensibilities and a philosopher in his procedure. As he achieves a sense of values he adopts them, and declares them, and tries to make them prevail; but all the time with the tolerance of the finite and the fallible manner of man he is. "And if he finds that he cannot succeed," as John Dewey, philosopher and critic, puts it, "that the attempt lands him in confusion, inconsistency, and darkness, plunging others into discord and shutting them out from participation, rudimentary precepts instruct him to surrender his assurance as a delusion; and to revise his notions of the nature of nature until he makes them more adaptable to the concrete facts in which nature is embodied."

Aerial Operations in War

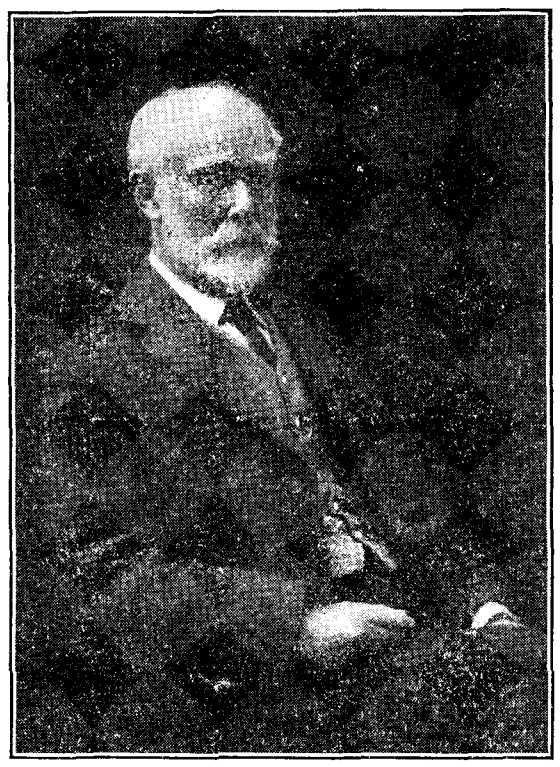
AIR WARFARE. By MAJOR WILLIAM C. SHERMAN. New York: Ronald Press. 1926. $4.25.

Reviewed by EDWARD P. WARNER
Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Aeronautics

ALTHOUGH it is necessarily the case that a very large part of the study which is now being lavished on the tactics and strategy of aerial operations in war is based on experience and examples deriving from the years between 1914 and 1918, the escape from the immediate pressure of war, with the resultant tendency to extemporization in the very face of emergency, and the opportunity for calm reflection that has come with the years of peace, have made possible the evolution of theories of the military use of aircraft of which war-time pilots could hardly have dreamed. Wholly new fields of usefulness are being suggested, and others, tried out on a modest scale by bold individual innovators in actual combat, are developing a whole literature and a new doctrine of their own. Even direct aerial combat, practised with such intensity from 1915 on and productive of so many heroic exploits, is being pictured in a form in which Guynemer, Ball, and Ritchthofen could scarcely recognize it.

Such books as this one of Major Sherman's, or Major Stewart's "Strategy and Tactics of Air Fighting," could not have been written in 1918. They could hardly even have been the product of the immediately post-war period, for there was necessary time in which to digest the evidence, to adjust it to the post-war status of aeronautical engineering, and to try out the various permutations and combinations in mock battle or with blackboard or chart, quite as a war college reaches its conclusions about the relative merit of various dispositions of ships or troops in the light of "games" played out with models on a board and under rules more elaborate and exacting than any governing body has ever ventured to impose upon the participants in a game played for sport alone.

Major Sherman is well qualified to write at first hand of the results of those studies as they have been carried on up to the present time. An airplane pilot and an officer in the Air Corps of the Army, he has for some time been detailed as instructor in air tactics at the General Staff School, where his specific obligation has been the prediction and portrayal of the rôles which aircraft would play in a war fought under conditions now prevailing and of the manner in which individual airplanes should be handled in most efficiently contributing to the general end in view. His apparent object in "Air Warfare" has been to write at once for the technically instructed and for the casually interested general public, and he has met with conspicuous success in that, assuming no preliminary knowledge of airplanes or aerial maneuvers, and defining his technical terms as he goes along, he has none the less been able to present ideas which will be new to many service pilots and to set forth basic principles, themselves old and well-known, in so suggestive a form that they can be re-read with distinct profit. That is not to say, of course, that there will be universal agreement on the accuracy of the conclusions. They relate to subjects on which there is a sharp difference of opinion among students, and the reviewer finds himself at variance with the author's observations in certain instances, but the statement is always clear and logical enough to provide incitement to the more careful consideration of the subject by the reader and the more accurate formulation in his own mind of any contrary opinion which he may be inclined to hold.



SIDNEY COLVIN
Friend and editor of R. L. Stevenson, biographer of Keats, poet, critic, connoisseur, Keeper of the Prints in the British Museum. 1845-1927.

Not the least happy feature of the work is the calm and judicial spirit by which it is marked. Major Sherman remains aloof from the heated controversies on the scope of air force that have been waged more or less continuously for ten years past, or since separate Air Forces began to be seriously discussed. The mode of his treatment of his subject proclaims him rather the analyst than the protagonist, and he spares no pains to declare himself as such. Thus, in a passage which might be taken as summing up the whole aim of the book:

> To an ever-increasing extent military experts throughout the world are realizing that the time has come to subject air power to a critical analysis, and to reapportion the war values of the various fighting forces. It is unfortunate the the subject has occasioned controversy and acrimonious discussion, for when a spirit of partisanship enters by the door, truth is all too apt to fly out by the window. Only the scientific spirit, which seeks truth wherever it may be found, is likely to achieve any degree of success.

Again:

> It has been the misfortune of the air service in the past to suffer at times from the claims of its too enthusiastic advocates.

"Air Warfare" is written in full recognition of the need of treating air force not as existing in a world of its own, but rather with reference to its use in conjunction with other instruments of war in the endeavor to produce the maximum *total* effect.

The division of military flying follows the lines that have become familiar to everyone who ever has been in the Army Air Corps or in naval aeronautics and to many who have not, pursuit, observation, bombardment, and attack being used as the functional sub-headings. In the treatment of pursuit, or combat, aviation, Major Sherman is somewhat less technical and less detailed than Major Stewart, with whom, however, he agrees, and whom indeed he far outpaces, in accepting the principle of mass, the belief that two airplanes may be not twice but four times as effective as a single one in battle. Both authors follow long-accepted military doctrine in that respect. When Bonaparte declared the ability to concentrate one's force to be a major factor in the art of war he expressed the conclusion of great commanders from Alexander's time, a conclusion specifically formulated with respect to aircraft, and even given a definite mathematical shape, by that versatile genius, F. W. Lanchester, in his "Aircraft in Warfare," written late in 1914 when experience was scarcely beginning to accrue. Major Sherman pushes it to a startling extreme when he portrays combats, not between single airplanes or between squadrons, but with the contesting forces numbering hundreds and formed in groups, wings, or brigades. Such employment of mass demands careful analysis as a hypothesis, but no one has yet assembled a pursuit wing or brigade as a technical unit, and the distinction between hypothesis or prophecy and practical experience becomes lost in such phrases as:

> The brigade *habitually* flies in column of wings. . . . In this formation, the radio of the brigade commander easily reaches the airplane of the most distant wing commander.

It is precisely such theories, however, if it be remembered that they are theories as yet unsubmitted to the test of practical service, that are productive of thought. Even those whose instinctive reaction is unfavorable on the points of detail developed will be impelled to clarify their own tactical doctrines by way of formulating their opposition to those of the author.

In addition to the chapters dealing with the various kinds of military flying, there are others treating in detail of anti-aircraft gunnery, sympathetically studied as a necessary part of air defense but one working under certain difficulties and far from infallible or complete in itself, of logistics, or the problems of transport and supply, and of naval flying. The last, as might be expected from the nature of the author's experience, is discussed less exhaustively than are the several sorts of overland flying. It is suggested that military and naval flying have much in common, and that "a more thorough study, far from changing this view, tends rather to confirm it." That conclusion is reached at the beginning of the naval chapter, but it is weakened by what follows, where Major Sherman gives a very fair presentation of a few of the factors which differentiate the operations of shore-based and fleet-based aircraft. A large part of the chapter, and the part most clearly indicative of the specialized nature of naval flying, is devoted to the minute description of the possible course of the engagement between two fleets, both of which have carriers but which are equipped with air forces of somewhat different compositions. The possible courses of action lying open to the opposing commanders and the relative advantages of each, are set forth both interestingly and simply.

Home-Keeping Minds

(*Continued from page* 875)

Joyce and Proust. Some American ought to be able to see beyond the foibles of their neighbors, and some novelists might be spared from the pioneer, the middle-western farm, or jazz life in New York, for jobs that are broader, though not necessarily bigger. Nationalism in literature is well enough, and when it inspires such a splendid saga as Rölvaag's "Giants in the Earth," though that, to be sure, is only geographically American nationalism, one feels the vigor that comes from writing about one's own people. Just the same, a good deal of triviality is disguising itself as literature sprung from the soil, just as so much sentimental melodrama finds an outlet in tales of the virile West. Great stories can be written about a backyard or the sexton of the corner church, but they can be written on great themes also. If Mr. Dodd had not written his "Golden Complex," we could escape from this discussion by saying that we were suffering from an inferiority complex complicated by a passion for the average in man. But he would say that these are just words. Let us whisper that our writers may be more able than great, and may cling to local themes because the world is too big for them.

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Ireland of the 'Forties

THE BIBLE IN IRELAND. By ASENATH NICHOLSON. Edited by A. T. Sheppard. New York: The John Day Co. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by R. H. MURRAY

MR. SHEPPARD has rendered notable service to the understanding of the history of Ireland by editing and condensing Mrs. Nicholson's graphic account of her travels in that country during the years 1844 and 1845. In a capable introduction Mr. Sheppard sets forth some of the salient facts of Irish history during the 'forties, though in this introduction we scarcely feel enough the pervading influence of Foster's Corn Law. The short and simple annals of the poor are everywhere present in the arresting pages of this book, yet why there should be so many poor is not evident either from the introduction of Mr. Sheppard or from the journal of Mrs. Nicholson.

It is a commonplace in Europe that we are still suffering from the effects of the World War, and of course we shall continue to suffer for generations to come. It was no commonplace to say that the Ireland of the 'forties was still suffering from the effects of the Napoleonic Wars, *though these wars* had been concluded thirty years before. For in 1794 Foster passed his Corn Law, a measure which vitally affected the destinies of Ireland from that day to this. It was this law which called into being the stately Custom House which until the other day adorned Dublin. It was this law which called into being the mills which dot the land, ruined through the passing of Free Trade in 1846. It was this law which called into being a large population for the first time in Ireland. In 1784 the population was two millions, in 1800 four millions, and in 1841 over eight millions. Can even the United States parallel such a growth?

Foster's great Corn Law granted a bounty of 3s 4d a barrel on the export of wheat as long as the home price was not above 27s a barrel, and it imposed a duty of 10s a barrel on imported wheat when the home price was less than 30s. It also granted bounties on the exportation of flour, barley, rye, oats and peas. The result of this measure was that the bullock disappeared in large measure, and was replaced by the plough. Vast pasture-lands were converted into innumerable small tillage-farms. Beside every stream there was a corn-mill, and the air hummed with the motion of the mill-wheel. One fact speaks eloquently. The quantity of corn, meal, and flour exported in twelve years after the passing of the measure exceeded that which was exported in the eighty-four years that preceded it.

Now it was into a country with these unexpectedly teeming millions that Mrs. Nicholson made her tour. It is quite plain in her narrative that she is able to appreciate what she sees, but it is by no means clear that she can appreciate the hidden causes of what she sees. She is quite clear that she meets a vast population in a small country, but is she equally clear that this vast population is due to a measure passed to cope with the astounding calamity of the Napoleonic Wars? It does not seem to us that she is, and it does not seem to us that her editor is, though the outcome of the working of Foster's Corn Law was to be seen on all sides. The title of this book is perhaps too ambitious, for it suggests a comparison between Mrs. Nicholson and George Borrow, and she is unable to sustain the weight of such a comparison. True, she distributes the Bible in Ireland just as Borrow distributed the Bible in Spain. True, she manifests the deepest interest in the condition of the Irish people. There, however, the comparison ends. Borrow could discern economic causes at work and could hate them in a way which Mrs. Nicholson is utterly unable to reach.

Mrs. Nicholson's travels are chiefly in the west and south of Ireland, and for the most part she wandered on foot. Obviously she meets all sorts and conditions of folk, and when she describes them in simple language she is at her best. With the exception of the references to the labors of Mr. Nangle on Achill Island, this book breathes frankness and sympathy. It is easy to sympathize with Daniel O'Connell today, but in the 'forties Mrs. Nicholson entertains sympathy. Unlike Grattan, O'Connell believed with all his heart and soul in democracy, thinking that with it lay the future of the world. It is a common sentiment today, but was not so common in the 'forties of the nineteenth century. Naturally he lent his support to the Roman Catholic Liberal movement on the Continent. His was a curious and contradictory career. For how could the agitator of Ireland be the friend of the philosophic Radicals of England? Yet he was both. Another matter calls for notice. He cared much for Irish history, little for Irish archæology, and least for the Irish language. He himself came from an Irish-speaking district in Kerry, and spoke the language with ease. But he held strongly that the difference of language was first introduced into the world as a punishment, and the superior utility of the English tongue as the medium of all modern communication was so great that he saw without regret the gradual disuse of Irish.

Mrs. Nicholson's book is a valuable addition to the real grasp of the Ireland of the 'forties, and the Ireland she brings before us is the Ireland of the people.

Interpretations

FIRE UNDER THE ANDES. By ELIZABETH SHIPLEY SERGEANT. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $4.

Reviewed by ARTHUR W. COLTON

THE good fortune of being among Miss Sergeant's personal friends creates an initial scruple about reviewing one of her books—which is easily overpowered by the stimulus of her example, that is to say, by the manner in which she has triumphed over a task considerably more difficult. She has analyzed keenly and portrayed vividly fourteen well known people who have become her personal friends during the process, if they were not already, and the scalpel applied to one's personality is quite a little more venturesome than the scalpel applied to one's books. As to the method and secret of this success, there is of course a tact in respect to detail, but the main secret is a certain genial background. I can fancy one—almost anyone—of her willingly investigated subjects, after an apprehensive perusal, concluding: "I may be queer, but I seem to be likable. In fact, somehow, I even seem to be interesting;" and whoever is not satisfied with that must be a greedy monopolist of perfections.

* * *

Miss Sergeant confesses that she had intended something in the way of a representative group, had intended to have a musician, a big business man and an architect of high buildings; "but in the end books write themselves;" the group turned out to be mostly writers, or more or less so, and all in some way or other fighters, all doing something to their time to make it a little different. Both these sub*consciously selective results have their interest and* significance. It would appear that people of our time who are interesting enough to be described are apt to be innovators, and most of them find it desirable to write about what they are interested in, even if the pen is but their secondary weapon. They are people with some driving force inside them, and this is the meaning of Miss Sergeant's cryptic title. "We must not only have hydrogen in balloons, and steel springs under coaches, but we must have fire under the Andes at the core of the world." Comforts and inventions are all very well, but a society lives by the heat at the center of it. So long as we are turning out people like these, so peculiar and so keen, so intent on the trail of something they believe in, and so unexpected in their totality and result, it is impossible to feel depressed. There is fire under the Andes, sending steam out of innumerable blow holes. Even the "Old Faithful" geysers, that spout weekly or monthly hot and hissing in scorn of all things American, are too exhilarating to be depressing. It may be that no one of Miss Sergeant's instances is quite a whole volcano, but every one of them is a proof that there is enough fire below for no end of energetic eruptions.

* * *

There is still more to be learned from the contemplation of these portraits. Consider them by localities. It appears that New England is robust, eccentric, and outspoken, witness Amy Lowell—sensitive, versatile, and intelligent, *vide* Robert Edward Jones—tense and crystalline, *par example* Elinor Wylie—modest and caustic, see Professor Copeland. It still maintains the right intimate relation between wagons and stars in the person of Robert Frost, and still turns out Olympian Yankees like Justice Holmes. The Middle States give us Dr. White from Long Island, wise, sceptical, tolerant—Paul Robeson, the young negro Apollo from New Jersey—and H. L. Mencken from Baltimore, snorting with disgust of foolishness and gusto of battle. The Middle West is most humorously human in William Allen White; and yet possessed of a large outlook and refined power, for instance, Dr. Hamilton and Willa Cather. Would you look to California for the illusive, intuitive, intangibly tragic quality of Pauline Lord; or to the Irish American stage for the brooding mysticism of Eugene O'Neill? Considered as local products there are surprises here. There always are as soon as you discard the myths of generalization and look at personal, honest-to-God realities.

But it is not given to everyone to look at this kind of reality with an eye that is both penetrative and sympathetic. Reality is an evasive thing. When you grasp it, you usually find in your hands only its discarded mask. It is both a substance and vision, a matter of fact that melts into "a wonder and a wild desire." Miss Sergeant has laid upon herself the obligation to continue in her office of concierge at the gate of the "Interpreter's House" and guide to the parables within it.

Nature Adventures

PHEASANT JUNGLES. By WILLIAM BEEBE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

Author of "Runaway Days"

THERE was once a periodical whose circulation suddenly slipped. With even more suddenness the owner engaged another editor at an annual stipend of fifty thousand dollars (probably most editors would sniff at such a sum nowadays), and in a year the new man had relieved the low blood-pressure of his patient. To a friend he once confided the secret of his success.

"There are two kinds of writing," he said. "One appeals to the ear and the other to the eye. As an editor," he went on, "I'm stone-deaf. The only stories that I want, and that the average reader wants, are those which contain pictures which we can *see*."

One of the reasons for William Beebe's popularity as a nature writer is this ability to write picture-prose. Read his picture of dawn in the jungle:—

> The sun had not yet come up above the blue haze that lay far to the east but a host of flamingos flying overhead caught fire from the first rays on their wide wings. Then the acacia shrub began to show little hues of gold against the mist and pink, nameless flowers came out like stars in the shadowy glades. Down a triangular lake that was changing from silver to blue two elephants moved slowly through the low underbrush.

In "Pheasant Jungles" the author has thriftily utilized all the by-products of that trip through Asia which resulted in his great monograph on those birds and the book is full of delightful adventures painted in such colors as only William Beebe can mix.

There are some places where his material runs thin, and he is compelled to piece out the chapter with well-worn stock properties, among which may be mentioned his experience in the Pyramid of Cheops and as a flyer at the front. Even so, who but William Beebe would find a kestrel's nest in that mighty tomb or conceive the idea of having himself photographed, a pin-point on the very crest of that man-made mountain?

Another weakness harder to overlook is the mistake of printing such photographs as "Lanoo, my Chinaboy, dying on the hill side." Natives may die on collecting expeditions and it may even be necessary to kill them but it is certainly not good taste to make copy of either of such incidents.

Despite such flaws in the fabric, not since "Jungle Peace" has Beebe published a more vivid, exquisitely written series of nature-adventures, the kind which one always hopes to have but never will.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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The Literature of the Deaf

THE SILENT ZONE. By ANNIE CHARLOTTE DALTON. Vancouver, B. C.: Published by the author. 1927.

Reviewed by EARNEST ELMO CALKINS
Author of "Louder, Please"

I WONDER if anyone has ever tried to make a collection of books written by the deaf. The list is a long one, but it does not reach very far back in the past. We do not know whether any of the writers of ancient times were deaf or not. Indeed, allusions to deafness are surprisingly few. Perhaps the quaintest is in St. Augustine's City of God, where he maintains that the deaf have no chance of Heaven, on the ground that spiritual counsel could come only through ears. Evidently the good Father did not think much of books as teachers. Or perhaps the deaf could not be taught to read in those days. But in the last two hundred years they have learned not only to read, but write. Reading is the unfailing diversion of the deaf, and writing has been the vocation, or at least the outlet, of many.

In such a collection the books would naturally divide into two groups. One would consist of books whose authors had always been deaf, to whom deafness was the determining factor in their lives, such as Harriet Martineau's autobiography, or Dr. John Kitto's "The Lost Senses," a moving and inspiring story of a deaf life. Each of these writers produced a long shelf of books. The other group would be those to whom deafness came in the midst of their labors, a great tragedy but with less apparent effect on their writings, such as the Earl of Chesterfield, Swinburne, or George Meredith. Among the deaf writers should be included Dr. Johnson, Le Sage, de la Condamine (whose "D'un Voyage Fait dans l'Interior de l'Amerique Meridionale," 1745, is of interest to collectors of Americana), Charles Johnstone, (whose "Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea," is also a collector's item), Marie Bashkirtseff, Ellen Olney Kirk, Grace Ellery Channing, Carolyn Wells, William McFee, H. M. Tomlinson, E. S. Martin, and Horace Howard Furness. The letters of the latter, sympathetically edited by his nephew, are among the most prized volumes of a deaf man's library. Dr. Furness, while still a young man, was compelled by deafness to abandon the law for which he had prepared. He devoted his entire life to a monumental undertaking, until death stayed his hand, but not before he had completed sixteen volumes of the Variorum Shakespeare. The courage and philosophy with which he lived his life shows forth, even in these modestly written letters.

* * *

These thoughts are occasioned by the receipt of a square buff volume entitled "The Silent Zone," by Annie Charlotte Dalton. Mrs. Dalton is a Canadian living in Vancouver. She is also deaf, and her book is a book of poems celebrating phases or experiences of deafness. It is something of a protest against the hearing world's indifference. "It is written," says the introduction, "in the hope of bringing some consolation to those who have not yet found that even silence has its own precious beauty and compensation, and also that others may be inspired to revolt." Mrs. Dalton's work is uneven. Not all of it is as good as the best. And some of the most sprightly of the poems are not her best poetry. One wonders what effect deafness has on a poet, especially a poet of the older order, to whom rhythm, meter, music, were essential. It would matter little in the writing of modern verse forms. Indeed deafness might be a blessing, as it quite frequently is, in living in this strident age. This little book will appeal most to the deaf and those who live with the deaf. It will cheer the former and perhaps instil a little more patience in the latter. Its best examples are those that express the longings, the loneliness, and the isolation of the deaf, especially those partially deaf, who continue to function vaguely and obscurely in the hearing world, groping in a twilight of sound.

For the first time in a hundred years William Godwin's famous little memoir of his wife, Mary Godwin, is to be reprinted. The volume is to contain ten drawings by William Blake, most of which have never been reproduced before, and the complete series of Mrs. Godwin's love-letters to Gilbert Imlay, which have hitherto only appeared in fragments.

Qwertyuiop

A Shirtsleeves History

V. THROUGH THE MAELSTROM

I DO not believe that the complete history of the Great War as told in the best cartoons from all countries has yet been done. Now, since we have achieved perspective, it would be an interesting volume to see. Certainly as one looks back over the old records merely of the United States one can read the whole growth of popular sentiment from many points of view through and in the cartoons. Speaking for America, before the conflict we had been developing some unusually trenchant black-and-white draughtsmen. Many of them, of course, were far more than merely that. Cartooning was but one string to their bow. I am thinking now of such men as found a free field in *The Masses* before the War, the late George Bellows, for instance, John Sloan, Boardman Robinson, Glackens, Shinn, George Luks, Stuart Davis, Glenn Coleman, Art Young. Young remains a veteran cartoonist. Robinson, with Cesare, Rollin Kirby, Robert Carter, and J. N. Darling, was one of the most striking commentators upon the war in black-and-white. Glackens, Shinn, Sloan are painters as well as draughtsmen. These, with Art Young, Robinson and Cesare, and, naturally, the incomparable Bellows, were all ironists in their medium. Their relationship to literature was that they expressed in it a great deal of much the same sort of thing the new realists and naturalists were trying to express in print.

So far as feats of reporting in the War went, I can at least recall to you Will Irwin's famous story of the battle of Ypres which appeared in the London *Daily Mail* on the thirty-first of October, 1914. Irwin has left a trail of landmarks in journalism. But he was far from being the only journalist who turned in remarkable "copy" during the War. And, of course, we developed an unusual commentator upon its every phase in Frank Simonds.

* * *

At the beginning of 1916 there was much talk concerning our moral right to the extraordinary business revival that was ours, with all Europe on the firing-line. Huge war orders, large prices for crops, many factors combined to make America abnormally prosperous. Canada and Argentina, for instances, were similarly affected. But, because of decreased imports, our customs revenue had fallen off eighty-six million in one year and the Treasury faced a deficit. Henry Ford was, at that time, making his principally-anathematized peace effort, though the possibility of peace negotiations was "shimmering like heat lightning" everywhere. The Peace Ship, Oscar II, set forth, intending to land at Christiania and summon a conference, The State Department disclaimed it. The words "Peace-at-any-price," were bandied about by heated controversialists. "Out of the trenches by Christmas!" was, of course, Ford's famous slogan. Later the Reverend Dr. Charles F. Aked, one of the group that sailed, solemnly deposed, "I have learned that there is no short-cut to the millenium." A few considered Ford's effort genuinely high-minded. The majority looked upon him in other lights.

In the general field of art there was a good deal of discussion at that time of the coming of Serge Diaghileff and his Ballet Russe, of which remarkable things had been heard. When he did bring his ballet over, Nijinsky and Karsavina did not come with him. Léon Bakst's designs for the ballet were a topic of conversation. But only four members of the original company were in the performances and the performances suffered from bowdlerization both in New York and Boston. Still "Pétrouchka," "L'Oiseau de Feu," and "Schéhérazade" were notable. In literature, Dreiser's new "The Genius" ran to seven hundred pages in small type. The previous December a paper by Brand Whitlock had been read before the National Institute of Arts and Letters in which our Minister to Belgium found time to discourse on the influence of Howells directing much contemporary "documentation of localities" and a more extensive survey of the United States in literature on the part of the newer writers. This tendency was apparent even then. In England the British courts suppressed D. H. Lawrence's "The Rainbow," and it was said of him that he assumed an absolute spiritual isolation "susceptible only of more or less imperfect and transient masking by a sort of conscious absorption in the material environment," finding completest expression in the purely sexual.

The Villistas massacred Americans at Chihuahua and the Mexican situation became what is journalistically described as "acute." There were cries for vengeance and intervention. Germany apologized in the matter of the *Arabic* and *Frye* cases. England began the seizure and requisition of American-owned ships in the case of the *Hocking*, *Genesee*, and *Kankakee*. This produced many cartoons and editorials. The United States expressed itself as striving to save international law and to preserve neutral rights. Meanwhile there was an attempted suppression on the part of Mr. John Sumner of a foreign novel by a Pole with an unpronounceable name, "Homo Sapiens," by Stanislaw Przybyszewski. I did not get around to that novel but it was much talked about at the time.

* * *

The President went on a campaign for preparedness through the Middle West and met with quite a welcome. The *Lusitania* settlement was much upon everyone's mind, and there was also a great deal of comment concerning the starving out of Germany, since the seas had been closed by "orders in council" issued in London. The Hollander, Raemakers, had become the most drastic cartoonist of the War, and by this time everyone had got accustomed to the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, and Germany generally depicted as fiends incarnate. The *Sussex* incident came up in April and it looked like War for us. Meanwhile Pershing (of the Tenth Cavalry) was chasing Villa in Mexico as years before he had chased Geronimo and, later, the Moros. Funston, a Brigadier-General at thirty-six, was out to get Villa as he had "got" Aguinaldo.

Amy Lowell's "Six French Poets" had appeared, and the generality awoke to the fact that there were some fairly modern poets in France. They heard, for instance, of Paul Fort. Miss Lowell had rewritten and arranged a series of lectures delivered in Boston in the winter of 1914. Her style was spirited and her enthusiasm contagious. Professor John Livingston Lowes contributed an extremely clever footnote to the free-verse controversy by acclaiming George Meredith as an unacknowledged Imagiste. He also quoted, in support of his general contention, from Hewlett, Fiona MacLeod, and Walter Pater. John Galsworthy urged the more general recognition of the English W. H. Hudson as a master naturalist and creative writer. Hudson's "Green Mansions" had just been republished by Knopf, over here, and his "Adventures Among Birds" by Kennerley. In Chicago a new young dramatist, Cloyd Head, who afterward married the poet, Eunice Tietjens, was being acclaimed by Harriet Monroe for his "Grotesques: A Decoration in Black and White" given at Maurice Browne's Little Theatre. A young Nicaraguan, Salomón de la Selva, was striving to introduce us to the work of such Spanish-American poets of reputation as the late Rubén Dario (whose poems translated by De la Selva and Thomas Walsh, had been issued by our Hispanic Society) José Chocano, and Pedro Enriquez Ureña. Max Eastman discussed our periodicals in an enlightened manner, deciding that the controlling business motive was what was the matter with them from the standpoint of literature, since "the Business Motive is to please as many readers as possible, and to offend none." He pleaded for a standard of amateurism among our writers.

* * *

Of course, by this time, The Hyphen and the U Boat had become subjects of infinite discourse. The Irish Revolution complicated the international situation. Meanwhile, in spite of strikes in Colorado, our railway traffic, exports, wages, dividends, and domestic commerce went into the highest figures ever known. The National Guard patrolled the Mexican border. Roosevelt came out for Hughes in the next election. It was Hughes versus Wilson. Then Wilson intervened to prevent a general railroad strike, got the Adamson Eight-Hour-Day law passed, and was assailed violently as surrendering to a "hold-up" on the part of the Brotherhoods. The *Deutschland* suddenly arrived at Baltimore after a

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a trip partially submarine across the Atlantic despite all blockade, and Captain König delivered his dyestuffs. His craft was able to remain submerged for four days at a time. His trip was a remarkable achievement,—in its own way as great perhaps as our own aviator, Lindbergh's, recent flight across the ocean. It called, certainly, for quite as much courage.

The affiliation of the Authors' League with the American Federation of Labor was, at this time, much discussed. The growth of the Movies had raised many perplexed questions of authors' rights. Thomas Mott Osborne turned our attention in still another direction with his efforts for prison reform. Meanwhile the election drew on. Wilson was cartooned as lying on a bed of spikes, juggling with his feet Congress in a pork barrel, a dachshund called Hyphen, a smoking bomb entitled Europe, a bandit labelled Mexico, and other items marked Deserving Democrats, Campaign, and National Guard. "Yet he wants four years more of it," read the caption. It was wondered how Hughes would stand upon the War. At one time he was put into a Prussian helmet. "Anything to beat Wilson," was cartooned as the Republican slogan. The Kaiser was depicted as pasting up a *Gott Strafe Wilson* and coming out strong for Hughes. And there were a great many jokes at the expense of Greece under Allied pressure to enter the War. Then came the Somme. "Somme Lion!" shouted a drawing showing England as a lion in armor ploughing like a tank across a reeking battlefield.

* * *

Yes, it was extremely difficult for the literary to keep their eyes on literature! It was the heyday of propaganda. And so much was happening all at once. We were learning of a new great German general, Ludendorff, who read Heine, and, though admired by Hindenburg for his strategy, was regarded with ire for his predilection for poetry as a refined diversion. "Windy MacPherson's Son," by Sherwood Anderson, brought out by John Lane, was the most significant event in our literature at that time, more significant for *all* literature than the publication of Wells's "Mr. Britling Sees it Through," though most people ignored the former and devoured the latter. Rebecca West published her "Henry James." We were beginning to recognize her as a new English critic of great brilliance.

In the beginning of 1917 suggestions of Peace began to emanate from Berlin. Germany, it appeared, would stop fighting on the terms of the Allies if the Monroe Doctrine were abolished. They wanted a free hand in Central and South America. Later came our diplomatic break with Germany over the subject of barred zones, our period of armed neutrality, and then the Declaration of War. We were the seventeenth nation to enter the War. Cuba came in as the eighteenth. Immediately arose the questions of conscription and loans.

Meanwhile we had with us: the too briefly enduring *Seven Arts* magazine, in which Dreiser spoke for a larger intellectual liberty; "Patience Worth," the spirit of the Ouija Board, who dictated novels to Mrs. John H. Curran, wife of the former Commissioner of Immigration of St. Louis; the I. W. W. deportations at Bisbee, Arizona; Dunsany in the Stuart Walker Portmanteau Theatre; the scenery of Robert Edmond Jones; Mr. Wells and God; the War Tax; Kerensky; an anthology of the *New Poetry;* the East St. Louis anti-negro riots; the memory of Alan Seeger; and,—the publication by Ben Huebsch of "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" and "Dubliners" by James Joyce. "Implacably naturalistic as the Russians," remarked James Huneker.

Ten million men registered in the American draft.

(*To be continued in a fortnight.*)

"One ought, I suppose," says St. John Ervine in the *Manchester Guardian*, "to feel flattered by a request from a total stranger to supply him or her with one's autograph, but I find in myself nothing but irritation at being bothered by it. Of all the silly hobbies that are pursued by people, the collection of autographs seems to me to be the silliest.

"The possession of a number of unrelated and irrelevant signatures has scarcely any value to anybody, although I am told that there are mugs who are willing to pay quite large sums of money for them. Heaven alone knows why! The bare signature of a person in these times when everybody writes and scatters his signature all over the place cannot be significant of much."

As the Soldier Sees It

RED PANTS. By Captain John W. Thomason. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1927. $2.50.

NOCTURNE MILITAIRE. By Elliot White Springs. New York: George H. Doran. 1927. $2.50.

THREE LIGHTS FROM A MATCH. By Leonard Nason. New York: George H. Doran. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by James Boyd
Author of "Marching On"

WAR is no longer considered glorious. For a time all publishers and most pacifists thought that this change in our feeling about war would make us less interested in it and a writer's treatment of war less interesting. But they were wrong. For however great our capacity to swallow nonsense in the realms of morality, politics, and love, when it comes to practical affairs we like the facts. And war, no longer set forth as a romantic mythology of knights and heroes, now begins to hold for us the interest of life's most acutely practical affair, an interest, like the interest of "Robinson Crusoe," in seeing how the man manages to survive, to take care of himself, to adjust himself to his fate. What weapons, what tools did he use; how did he eat, sleep and fight? And what did he think and feel?

The three books which head this column will tell you more about the first of these questions than, let us say, the entire literature of the Revolution will tell you about the same problems then. Captain Thomason, though he has not written or tried to write another "Fix Bayonets," maintains in these fleeting glimpses of soldiering in France, in Guantanamo, and in Central America his mastery of Marine technique. Leonard Nason in his three long stories shows a familiarity with all phases of operations at the front that makes it hard to say what branch of the service he was in. And Elliot Springs knows just as well what to do with a De Haviland, a Bristol bomber, or a Sopwith as he does with a glass of Fishhouse punch. In a word they know their stuff.

* * *

But there the similarity ends. Captain Thomason, beside being a professional and highly competent man of arms, is thoroughly imbued with the *esprit* of the Marines, and I, for one, having once been with them at the front, should never ask for anything better in a tight place. But when applied to writing, especially of such matters as bar-room mixups, and Central American skirmishes, this *esprit* tends to make him cock his hat at an angle more rakish than the importance of the adversary demands. In those sketches, however, where combat between outsiders and the Marines is not the theme, Captain Thomason can tell a tale that is simple and human. With directness and fine economy of sentiment "Kupid's Konfidential Klub" pictures the butt of the company, killed in the end at target practice. "A Soldier of Liberty" recounts the career of a dazed, unhappy Central American conscript in a revolution, and "One Razor-Strop—Sixty-five cents" shows the Marine with the perfect record who deserted and took to the bush. These and others triumph despite their difficult literary form, something between a sketch and a tale. And throughout the book, the style is clean, sharp, and graphic and the dialogue and the drawings are unfailingly vivid and convincing.

* * *

If the form of "Red Pants" is difficult, the theme of "Nocturne Militaire" is more so. The war-birds were a new race of men created overnight by new conditions. Not only did they fight in an element not traversed by man before, they had to shape their minds and harden their hearts to a new and more exacting fate. It was not simply that they had to be ready for fantastically desperate adventure—so had the conquistadors and the sea-rovers—but they had to be ready for it at seven o'clock every morning. This combination of long chances to be taken with perfect regularity till the finish, together, no doubt, with the physical effects of great and sudden changes of altitude, created a type of man so unique that it is not surprising that the non-flying West Point cavalry Colonels sent out to command them made a hash of it. Like most men of action, the war-birds cannot explain themselves and so far no one has arisen to explain them. Thus, though Captain Springs tells us what the fliers did, how they loved and drank and fought, he does not tell us what they were. This is no reproach to him. We should be thankful for his footnotes to the record and prepare ourselves to wait, probably a long time, for the man who can interpret for us the secrets of those half-inspired loons, those doomed young cynics, those touching gamins of the sky.

Of the three books, Leonard Nason's has by far the broadest and most universal theme—the enlisted man in war; and his three stories are told with humor, with terror, and with a wealth of sound detail, from the standpoint of the enlisted man. His soldier dialogue is splendid, sometimes a shade too splendid, if that be a fault. Occasionally when the wise-cracks seemed to mount with danger I thought: *C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas la guerre.* But save for brief instants they ring true and the tales themselves, the hopeless and confused ramblings of enlisted men through the sights, the smells, and the acutely depicted sounds of the front are convincingly real and continuously arresting. Except for the brave and ignorant little Jew of "Rockets at Daybreak" there is a certain sameness to Mr. Nason's enlisted men, but this very sameness has helped him to create a sort of apotheosis of the American soldier, restless, alert, inquiring, kidding himself out of fear, criticizing all authority, ingenious, resourceful, slip-shod, and faithfully risking his neck to carry out orders he shrewdly suspects to be nonsensical. No one but Mr. Nason, so far as I know, has quite done this and to stress this point in his work is, I hope, to give you an idea what "Three Lights from a Match" is worth.

Creatures of Earth

THE FIELD OF MUSTARD. By A. E. Coppard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by Gladys Graham

THE short stories of A. E. Coppard vibrate with an almost disconcerting reality. This may account for their never having been adequately appreciated in America where the commercial short story has reached the epitome of sentimental inanity in its flight from reality. To a reading public long accustomed to the fantasy-wish tales which form, in the largest circulating weeklies and monthlies in the world, the tiny nucleus around which may be grouped the most costly advertisements in the world, the simplicity and inevitability of such stories as those in "The Field of Mustard" must come as something of a shock.

The reality which Mr. Coppard achieves is the reality of earth and air, of the winds and of the seasons. His characters are all earth-haunted, like the characters of Thomas Hardy and Sheila Kaye-Smith. They come into the story with twigs clinging in their hair and the scent and stain of the soil upon them. Creatures of earth, elemental. When he takes these people from their natural habitat into the complexity of cities and the problems incidental to group living, they meet with frustration and are forced back into the simpler environment, or they become shadowy and lose their vitality. The result may still be a good story, cleverly wrought, as in the case of "Fifty Pounds," but the uniqueness that belongs to Mr. Coppard is lost.

The story that gives its name to the present volume is typical of all the best in Mr. Coppard's work. In it his economy of style, where even names are forced to do their work of significance and where the wind and the weather creep into every sentence lends itself most eagerly to this revealing of three women of heroic size, sprung from the ground of which they seem a part, as they move darkly silhouetted against the sombre horizon.

The objectivity that Mr. Coppard brings to bear upon his analysis of character is a relief after the turgid subjectiveness of post-Bloom fiction. Mr. Coppard writes of souls as if they were adventures with realism and candor, but he keeps their own begriming from them. He succeeds in exposing them as completely as does D. H. Lawrence his somewhat similar characters, but whereas the latter seems always to be treating shattered bits of his own personality as separate men and women, Mr. Coppard's characters are full-born creatures, capable of life apart from their creator. In this respect "The Field of Mustard" stands on the same high ground as "Adam and Eve and Pinch Me" and "Fishmonger's Fiddle."

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The Epic of a Region

THE PEAT CUTTERS. By ALPHONSE DE CHATEAUBRIANT. Translated by F. MABEL ROBINSON. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

DURING the last fifteen or twenty years a succession of regional novels has been proving to the world, and more especially to the French themselves, that Paris is not France. Studies of provincial society, of peasant life, and of human nature in its simpler and more universal aspects have repeatedly captured the literary prizes that tell the public what to read. Several of these studies have been of sufficient general interest to merit translation, and now "La Brière," perhaps the best of all, which was awarded the Grand Prix du Roman by the French Academy in 1923, appears in English as "The Peat-Cutters."

What the author has done in this book is to write the epic of a region, an isolated marshy region lying north of the mouth of the Loire that in its remoteness, its peculiar folk-ways, and its resentment of external interference much resembles our primitive mountain communities of the south. Almost completely surrounded by bogs and low water, the small islands comprising La Brière support a poverty-stricken race of turf-diggers whose disappearing means of subsistence procures for them a constantly diminishing return. Intellectually and materially cut off from the rest of France, they take a savage pride in themselves as Briérons and retain an inflexible hold upon their ancient rights and traditions.

The story of Aoustin, the hero of "The Peat-Cutters," is intimately connected with that of La Brière. Chateaubriant has excavated the man from the soil itself and in writing of this dour old Briéron he contrives to give us at the same time the chronicle of a people and of their land. Tough, hard, cruel, fiercely proud of his "country" and of his position in it, Aoustin is as relentless in his search for the letters that shall guarantee the freedom of his Brière as he is in his determination that his children shall not marry outside the clan. His stubborn temper wrecks more than one life and almost wrecks his own. Yet he remains implacable. The sight of a crazy old woman tortured by a crowd may move him to a kind of surly tenderness, but the misery of his own family—justly punished, in his opinion, for their disobedience to his mandates—stirs him not at all. Only when tragedy has succeeded tragedy, when he has driven his daughter to madness and has seen her lying dead before him in his boat, does he acknowledge his responsibility and learn the meaning of forgiveness.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

There is a poetic quality about the book that permeates both its drama and its history. Its elemental characters take on, for the time being, a universal significance, their fate inextricably linked with that of their land. Especially fine are the last scenes: it is difficult to forget their pictures of Aoustin and his burden astray in the fog, the remorseful father and his wretched child drifting helplessly through the night in the icy winds of the marshes.

The translation, unfortunately, is faultless neither in detail nor in general tone. That the task was peculiarly difficult no one acquainted with the original would deny. But inappropriate words too often jar upon the reader and incorrect renderings are by no means infrequent. Moreover, by attempting not only to find English equivalents for the rugged, earthy idioms of the Briérons, but to convey the untranslatable distinction between *tu* and *vous*, the translator has concocted a mixture of archaisms, slang, and dialect that quite misrepresents the vigor, simplicity, and vividness of the original. Yet even in its slightly grotesque English dress, "La Brière" remains a splendid achievement, a great cathedral of a novel that by its dignity and mass dwarfs to unimportance any little gargoyles on its flanks.

Early in September H. G. Wells's new novel, "Meanwhile," in which it is said he has done for the coal dispute of last year what in "Mr. Britling *Sees it Through*" he did for the War, is to be published. It is described by the publishers as a ruthless criticism of the Conservative Government and of Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Churchill in particular.

The Bowling Green

The Coroner's Going A-Maying . . .

THE Coroner brushed his hearthstone clean
And after the rain, in a garth grown green,
Not glad, not sad, in a mood between
The Coroner went a-Maying.

His fireplace swept of its winter's ash,
His barrels filled with a season's trash,
Where no intruder might abash
The Coroner's gone a-Maying.

This was the gravel pathway here
Where his mind made verdict, prompt and clear,
Of what was hateful and what was dear
When the Coroner went a-Maying.

Strength came up from the sodden ground:
Himself was his May-pole, so he found;
With ribbons (the neighbors stood astound)
The Coroner went a-Maying.

Green jungle was covert round him there,
Wet lilac burdened the anxious air:
Nimbled with a proud despair
The Coroner went a-Maying.

To diagnose his own despite
He crowned himself with a garland bright
And capering brisk, as well he might,
The Coroner went a-Maying.

With a bow to you, and a bow to me,
In a ribald measure, one-two-three,
And a wench and priestess on each knee
The Coroner's gone a-Maying.

You shall not catch his eye, nor guess
What talisman of tenderness
His rite can justify and bless
When the Coroner goes a-Maying.

Not private malice, public mirth,
Nor any irrelevance on earth
Can dim that jewel of great worth
When the Coroner goes a-Maying.

The Maypole jig is something froward—
The jury finds his mien untoward:
The nun's priest's gaze is better lowered
When the Coroner goes a-Maying.

If some be nice, avert, I beg:
The rum is sweet in Cuba's keg,
The lasses show a comely leg
When the Coroner goes a-Maying.

His taste is evidently abnormal:
His temperament is much too thermal—
My dear, it's *terribly* informal
When the Coroner goes a-Maying.

So in those dusks, those crepuscules,
There sounds the Exorcism of Fools
Who never even guessed the rules
When Coroners go a-Maying.

The well-intending triple-starred
Dear fools who make life doubly hard
And are eternally debarred
When Coroners go a-Maying.

But there are fools of every station,
And so, to hide his desperation
And warm himself for fresh creation
The Coroner's going a-Maying.

Hark to his enigmatic rune
Set to a wanton wistful tune
While with transfusions of the moon
The Coroner's gone a-Maying.

With poison ivy on his head,
Leaving the better part unsaid,
Abandoning inquest on the dead
The Coroner's gone a-Maying.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Bookbinding

MAIOLI, CANEVARI AND OTHERS. By G. D. HOBSON. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1926.

Reviewed by ROBERT O. BALLOU

FOR years I have wondered exactly what a bibliophile is. I have read huge snatches of Dibdin's "Bibliomania," all of Pearson's "Books in Black and Red," Newton's "The Amenities of Book Collecting," and parts of Orcutt's "In Quest of the Perfect Book" without finding out. As a youth I bought a little book called "The Book Lover" and studied its long and excellent reading lists in vain. Only at this moment have I come upon my definition. A bibliophile is a person who can take Mr. Hobson's scholarly book to bed with him, read it, and actually enjoy it,—enjoy it so much that he will jump out of bed and without bothering about slippers, run off in his pyjamas down the chill resounding hall to his library, where, in great excitement, he will pull out a couple of Maiolis and a brace of Canevaris for positive identification.

There is perhaps a tone of envy in this, and certainly nothing but praise for the scholarship of Mr. Hobson whom the definition would probably fit perfectly if it were reversed. The beautiful book which he has fathered represents, without any doubt, the result of a number of years of careful and scholarly research and embraces minute examination of hundreds of fine and famous bindings that have passed through the hands of Sotheby's (of whom he is a director) or that he has encountered elsewhere.

But it is patently a treatise for a person to whom a book is chiefly something about which to find the accurate date, the measurements in centimetres, and the names of persons who worked thereon, and I am so little that sort of a person that it is difficult for me to make all of the treatise intelligible. Perhaps, though, Mr. Hobson will share a little of the blame for this (which I am quite willing to take to myself alone if he does not care to) because of his unusually involved and academic style in the textual material and an utter absence of elucidation in details when a little of such elucidation might encourage an incipient bibliophile in his madness.

The book (the first of a series of monographs on bookbinding promised by the publishers) contains five check lists of famous bindings, six essays about these bindings, and a number of excellent reproductions, some of which are in color. A group of ten books decorated with plaquettes are listed with detailed descriptions and many data as to origin, present ownership, and the like, and an essay further describes them as a group and places and dates them. The use of architectural decoration in bindings is discussed sketchily as a phase of craftsmanship and thoroughly as a mark of identification for bibliophiles in an essay which precedes a list of twelve carefully identified bindings in the architectural manner.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

A long chapter headed "Thomae Maioli et Amicorum" describes in detail the bindings bearing this famous inscription and concludes triumphantly that the owner's christian name was Thomas, that his surname could be latinized Maiolus, that all but one of his bindings are Parisian work of about 1550-1565, that he was living in 1564 but died or ceased collecting soon after that, and that he knew Grolier. Whereupon follows the typical scholarly bibliography which stimulates endless admiration and no interest in an unscholarly lover of books.

So also of chapters about Apollonio Filareto and Canevari, the principal figure in a myth. But I cannot discover from Mr. Hobson's book what the Canevari myth is or exactly how he has disproved it. I am sure that this is my misfortune and is only because I am not a bibliophile. To Mr. Newton and to Mr. Walter Hill, the matter will be entirely clear. But I would like to know anyway, for I suspect that the gentleman and his myth are much more interesting than his bindings.

Nevertheless, if I were a bibliophile,—even if (like Christopher Morley's sheep dog who has never seen a sheep) I were only a poor, unfulfilled bibliophile, "Maioli, Canevari and Others" would be indispensable to me, if for no other reason than that I would need to look often and long at its scholarly lists and its beautiful colored pictures of bindings I could never own.

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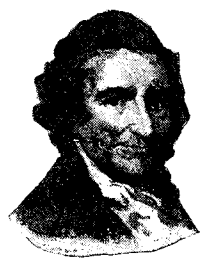

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Books of Special Interest

Aboriginal Life

IN SAVAGE AUSTRALIA. By KNUT DAHL. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1927. $6.

Reviewed by CLARK WISSLER

American Museum of Natural History

THERE is something about the books of travel published thirty and more years ago that gives them dignity and it is in this class that one must put this first English edition of Knut Dahl's explorations in northwest Australia. Dahl is a naturalist, and, after spending some time collecting in South Africa, set out for Australia, arriving there in 1894. Two years were spent there, chiefly in the interior, back of Port Darwin. These were busy years, for accompanied by a taxidermist, a Norwegian like himself, the author collected birds, mammals, and reptiles, making careful notes as to the climate and flora as he went along. The title of the book may suggest his chief interest to have been with the black aboriginals, but while the author did come in contact with these natives, he was too busy with his collecting to give much attention to the details of their ways of living. Yet he traveled with two or three sophisticated aboriginals and, on occasion, employed a whole camp of wild fellows to collect specimens for him.

Nevertheless, the student interested in primitive Australia will find this book worth while. The author gives evidence of precision in observation and skilful narration, and so the concrete examples of behavior on the part of the black-fellows assisting him will serve the comparative ethnologist well. On the other hand, the general reader wishing a few vivid impressions of aboriginal life will get them here, for even the brief scattering incidents in the text will, in summation, give a feel of what a savage community is like. Rarely does the author attempt to interpret the native, but is satisfied with presenting what he saw him do.

Yet, Knut Dahl's interest was in birds and mammals and it is these that receive most attention in the book. Not that the reader is treated to a dry scientific account of the species encountered, but rather with the behavior of the species in nature. It is in this direction one must look for the author's contribution, since at this late date, a mere enumeration of the fauna will have little more than an historical value. On the other hand, the collector, the hunter, and all who love the out-of-doors will be thrilled by the vivid accounts of crocodile and kangaroo hunting.

The volume is well printed and embellished by a number of spirited pencil sketches by the author. In addition, a number of well-selected photographs are reproduced, but perhaps more than anything else, the naturalist and the ethnologist will appreciate the excellent index.

The Good Old Days

LIFE IN REGENCY AND EARLY VICTORIAN TIMES. By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1927. $7.50.

THIS is primarily a picture book. To be exact it consists of one hundred and twenty-two pages of letterpress and eighty pages of illustrations, but the tail wags the dog in the sense that the text illustrates the pictures rather than the pictures the text. As a matter of fact, the author could hardly have chosen a better method of depicting the life of fashion during the first fifty years of the nineteenth century. The drawings of John Leech and Cruikshank, the paintings of Maclise, and the innumerable sporting prints of the period, beautifully reproduced in this volume, constitute a wonderfully vivid record of those tawdry years when Beau Brummell and the Count D'Orsay were the arbiters of society.

It was an age of astounding contrasts, an age when a gentleman might gamble away thirty-five thousand pounds in one night and still declare that next to winning losing was the greatest pleasure of life, an age when one Englishman out of seven was a pauper, when Trade Unions were suppressed by law, and when the demand for Parliamentary reform was punished by imprisonment. In the year 1818 Parliament was so alarmed by pauperism that it voted a million pounds for the erection of churches in London, so that the poor might be assured of spiritual, in default of bodily, welfare.

Mr. Chancellor does not touch on these things. He gives us only the brighter side of the picture, and certainly if life was more sordid for the majority than it is today, for the lucky few it was infinitely more picturesque. He shows us the aristocracy patent in the pursuit of pleasure, storming the portals of Almack's, the seventh heaven of the fashionable world, from which the Duke of Wellington was once turned away because he was wearing trousers instead of knee-breeches. Other chapters deal with Bath and Brighton, the health resorts, and with the theatres and places of amusement like Sadler's Wells, where Charles and Mary Lamb used to go, and Vauxhall where the rack-punch proved so disastrous on one occasion to Mr. Jos. Sedley. There is a good deal of interesting miscellaneous information in the book, and the reader who has not forgotten his Dickens and Thackeray will find that Mr. Chancellor has a happy knack of reawakening old echoes.

Typography

THE FLEURON: A Journal of Typography. Edited by STANLEY MORISON. No. 5. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1926. $7.

THE *Fleuron*, starting publication five years ago, addressed itself to a group of booklovers which was only then beginning to have any numerical importance. This was composed of people who wanted to appreciate and collect fine printing, but not necessarily to produce it themselves. In the nineties, when one knew enough to argue about the merits of a type-face one generally went off and established a private press; and most of the subscribers to the *Imprint* (Gerard Meynell's admirable journal, killed by the war) would seem to have been men actively connected with bookmaking. But by the time the *Fleuron* came along there was a wider public waiting to hear about typography. A most important element had been added in the *patron*, the person who talks about "Rogers Items" and plans, not for a hand-press of his own, but to have his great-uncle's memoirs printed by Mr. Updike in a private, limited edition. With patrons becoming numerous art comes to flower; and the last five years have seen an extraordinary advance, if not in fine book-design, at least in public appreciation of the art. In this advance the *Fleuron*, with its graceful and scholarly treatment of typography, has played no small part.

The present number is of particular interest; the new editor, Stanley Morison, has doubled the number of text pages and found room for no fewer than five full-length articles, each of high interest, as well as for copious reviews, inserts of important documents, and impressive advertisements. Not least in interest to the American booklover is the fact that the *Fleuron* is now published in our own country simultaneously with its appearance in England, where it is printed.

The first article, on the Klingspor typefoundry at Offenbach, is of almost controversial interest in this country, for we have hardly begun to follow England in adopting the powerful and brilliant display types (such as Neuland and Narziss) produced by Dr. Klingspor, whose visionary program is described by Dr. Julius Rodenberg. American display type is nowadays either dully correct or dully bad; whereas the German types, here shown in attractive page facsimiles, are at least refreshingly original. The next two articles treat respectively of a book-decorator and a printer: M. Paul Istel gives J. E. Laboureur the epigrammatic treatment best suited to the latter's sparkling burin engravings, and Mr. H. V. Marrot encourages the growing tendency to admire the demure typography of the early nineteenth century by an essay on William Bulmer.

Mr. Morison continues his important series of constructive criticisms of type forms by researches "Towards an Ideal Italic." As before, there is a historical sketch which brings much new material to light, and at the end a practical, logical line of development is offered to the modern type-designer. In this case the suggestion, namely that the ideal italic would be a slanted roman, needs all Mr. Morison's singular powers of persuasion to make it sound as plausible as it really is.

A fifty-page monograph by M. Paul Beaujon on the mysterious "Garamond" types indicates for the first time their true origin and incidentally takes the first serious step toward a detailed classification of sixteenth century roman type designs.

The *Fleuron*, being now unique in its special field of book-printing, had only itself to surpass; and by doing this in a spectacular way at the old price it became one of the year's best bargains.

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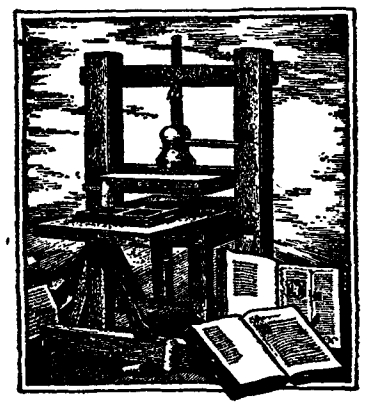

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Books of Special Interest

Follies of Mortals

THE PUBLIC MIND: ITS DISORDERS, ITS EXPLOITATION. By NORMAN ANGELL. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN BAKELESS

FROM the myriad follies of the war years, long since decently forgotten, the merciless hand of Mr. Norman Angell rips the covering. Though only a decade has passed since we were all uttering them, it is extraordinary how thin and how utterly preposterous the cock-and-bull stories now appear, which we all believed from 1914 until a little while after the armistice. It is not pleasant to recall one's own erstwhile willingness to swallow all the utterances of the good and great; but there is some consolation in the reflection that it must be, if anything, even more unpleasant for the prominent personages themselves—assuming that those superior creatures will read Mr. Angell's new book on "The Public Mind"—which is, I fear, only too improbable.

Few men alive are now in some respects in a better position to say, "I told you so" to the rest of the human race than the author of "The Great Illusion"; and it is greatly to the credit of his powers of self-restraint that he actually does say no such thing. He prefers rather to convict his opponents out of their own mouths, by quoting foolish statements which the last few years have shown to be something worse than folly. His original thesis, however, that amid the complexities of modern society a world war cannot possibly pay, is certainly not weakened by the appalling array of wartime idiocies that he placidly catalogues in a few quiet and unhurried pages. Most pacifists have a tendency to shriek. Not so Mr. Angell. The facts are good enough for him—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the unadorned facts are damning enough.

How difficult it is today to believe in an infallible reagent, "which immediately makes known the presence of treason," or to talk with becoming seriousness of "craven beasts" and "enemies of humanity." Yet these fiery phrases and others like them were being blithely mouthed as late as April, 1918, by a sufficiently important college professor in a sufficiently important newspaper. How hopelessly old-fashioned it is to prate about "greed and bestial bloodlust." How silly now appears the wartime effort to prevent the teaching of the German language—which, as any intelligence officer can explain, was a very useful accomplishment at the front—even though it is a scant ten years since a Columbia professor was demanding its elimination.

All this nonsense helped not at all to win the war, and hindered immeasurably the post-war task of salvaging civilization. To make matters worse, people knew a great deal better—they simply didn't act on what they knew.

> The knowledge that might have saved Europe was not lacking. What was lacking was the capacity or willingness to use knowledge already possessed, a certain self-discipline, a sense of the social and moral obligations to apply intelligence to the situation in which our passions are involved, and which, if applied, would deprive us of the satisfaction of some emotional appetite such as vengeance, or show what we call our moral indignation to be all founded.

Nor was education, that unfailing American panacea for all the world's ills, of any avail against the hasty passions of the war years. On the contrary, the passions that led up to the war and the still bitterer passions that accompanied it were largely the handiwork of the educated—scholars, authors, statesmen, journalists—who first provoked them and afterward kept them alive. Where national prejudices are involved, neither learning nor intelligence appears to be a trustworthy guide to accurate conclusions. "It is European learning which condemns European learning, the while both sides fail to provide any prophylactic against the moral and intellectual errors which menace European civilization." Mr. Angell demonstrates his point by showing German scholars flatly saying one thing and British scholars of equal eminence with equal flatness saying the exact opposite. Or he shows us British writers expressing one set of opinions about the French in 1870 and in 1890 and cheerfully reversing those opinions in 1914. Still more amusing, or more distressing, is the fuss about text books in American history. Until 1917 American school children had to be satisfied with one set of facts. In 1917 we suddenly discovered we had for a century been traducing our gallant British allies—the Germans, naturally were to blame—and we changed our texts. Now that our affections have somewhat cooled, we hear proposals to change back.

Such a wavering and uncertain thing is public opinion. What makes it so? And does it matter? The trouble is with the mental processes of the average man and the inadequate knowledge on which his inadequate thinking is based. It matters very much, according to Mr. Angell; for whether in a monarchy of the good, old, absolute sort, or in a dictatorship of the most up-to-date model, or even in a democracy, it is public opinion that ultimately determines.

Though discussion of the war hysteria is the most interesting and important part of "The Public Mind," Mr. Angell's new book is in no sense concerned primarily with war. It is, instead, precisely what its title implies—a study of that nebulous but very real force, the opinion of the crowd. If the war and its unsavory examples of mass emotion are rather prominent in its pages—well, the war provided the most alarming examples of mass hysteria we are likely to encounter for some years to come.

For better or worse, says Mr. Angell, the public is in the saddle. The hereditary ruler, and the ruling class are definitely out of it. Even dictators, who are becoming so fashionable nowadays, have to take public opinion seriously. In consequence, unless things are to go to smash, the public must begin to form its opinions more intelligently than hitherto. That this is possible, Mr. Angell seems to have no doubt, though he has no illusions, great or small, as to the difficulties.

Catalogue No. 11, "First Editions, Autograph Letters, Manuscripts, Americana and Association Books," just issued by Barnet J. Beyer, Inc., 5 East Fifty-second Street, is a well printed octavo of fifty-two pages, comprising 422 items, and is of special interest to collectors of modern first editions. Among the rarer and more valuable items are *The Gad's Hill Gazette*, one of the rarest of Dickens's items, $2,500; an unpublished literary letter by Edgar Allan Poe, 2 pp., 4to, Philadelphia, September 18, 1841, to Lewis J. Gist, $1,750; and Milton's "Paradise Lost," 1667, first edition with the second title page, $1,250.

As the Church Sees It

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND ITS REACTIONS WITH SCIENCE. By BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND PHILOSOPHY. By FR. VINCENT MCNABB. The same.

THE two most recent volumes of the Calvert Series edited by Hilaire Belloc endeavor to explain and defend the attitude of the Catholic Church toward science and toward philosophy. In "The Catholic Church and Its Reactions with Science" Sir Bertram Windle points out—what everyone ought to know but not everyone does—that the doctrine of Papal Infallibility applies only to *ex cathedra* utterances on points concerning faith or morals, that the Imprimatur on Catholic books means merely that the theological portions have been found unobjectionable by higher authority, and that the Index only prohibits Catholics from reading books that have been condemned because of their immoral or heretical tendencies. Sir Bertram has no difficulty in showing that the church accepts the teachings of modern physical science, that she has produced many eminent scientists, and that with regard to evolution, while condemning atheistic interpretations of the theory she has remained entirely non-committal on the theory itself. As to Biblical exegesis, "If it is quite clear and absolutely certain that the literal interpretation of a given passage offends against historic or scientific truth, then we must treat it figuratively and seek its meaning in that direction."

In all these respects, it is obvious, the Catholic Church today is more liberal than several of its Protestant rivals. Unfortunately Sir Bertram feels it necessary not merely to defend the present attitude of the Church but to argue that its attitude has always been the same. Thus he minimizes the condemnation of the doctrines of Copernicus and Galileo and points out that Giordano Bruno and Cecco d'Ascoli were burnt, not for their scientific views, but for such teachings as "that the Holy Spirit was the soul of the world" or that the human will is not free. Thus at best he saves medieval tolerance toward science by tacitly impugning medieval tolerance toward philosophy.

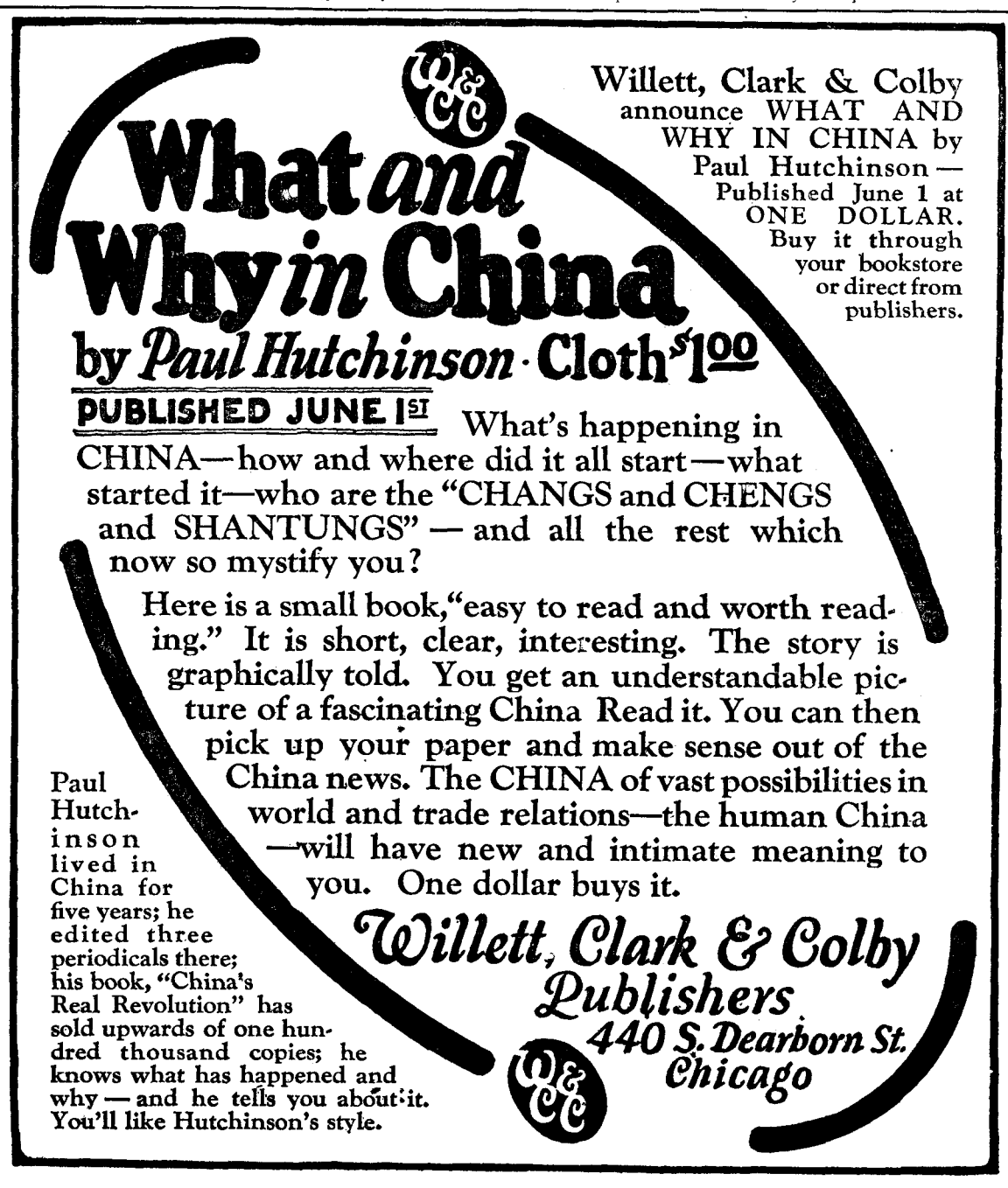
This brings us to the companion volume, "The Catholic Church and Philosophy," by Fr. Vincent McNabb. This work reveals far more than does Sir Bertram Windle's (possibly because its author is a priest instead of a layman) the divergence of the Catholic mental attitude from the non-Catholic. It is simply impossible for the author to look upon the work of a philosophical opponent without seeing in it some mental or moral obliquity. Thus, for example, "Epicurean agnosticism came of the complete inconsistency and weakness of their wills;" Bacon, Descartes, and Kant "were intellectually diseased and anarchic" and afflicted with "megalomania;" modern German philosophy is "sophistry . . . the art of making up systems which do not really solve problems and which are hardly intended to do so by their authors." The writer sums up his argument as follows:

> Throughout the last three centuries the Catholic Church has been furthering true philosophy by effectively warning men off false philosophy. Far from looking on the Church's condemnations as her weakest acts we look on them as almost the most praiseworthy or indispensable. . . . The whole truth and the real apotheosis of Reason was when the five hundred and forty bishops [of the Vatican Council in 1870] damned anyone who would deny that reason had such insight and farsight as to discern God.

The bishops, who seem to have been good at cursing, also damned all atheists, materialists, and pantheists. And the author adds a note that "All forms of Pantheism, Materialistic and Idealistic, are intellectual imbecility." Presumably it is clear to Fr. Vincent McNabb—but is by no means clear to a non-Catholic—that this attitude is in perfect harmony with the words of St. Thomas Aquinas quoted elsewhere in the volume: "Those whose aim is to discuss truth and truth only must not take up an attitude of hostility to any of the disputants on whose claims they are about to sit in judgment."

Sir Bertram Windle writes in an urbane and conciliatory manner, Fr. Vincent McNabb in a contentious and truculent manner, but the fundamental positions of both are of course identical, as they express the position of the Church itself. This position may be expressed very simply: the utmost sympathy with both science and philosophy as long as neither attempts to disturb Catholic morals or Catholic theology.

Compton Mackenzie has been appearing recently in "The School for Scandal" at Guernsey with Lady Sackville-West, the wife of the Governor of the island. He is a very clever amateur actor. His father was the founder and pillar of the Compton Comedy Company.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Aurora

By MAGDELEINE MARX

Author of "Woman"

"RUSSIA, venerable Russia, whither are you wending your way? Answer!" implored Gogol in an anguished apostrophe in which he compared his country to a sleigh being drawn on a mad course by mettlesome steeds.

To judge by the profusion of talent and the multiplicity of works Young Russia is in a fair way to meet his challenge. Not, to be sure, that a masterpiece has as yet appeared, or that a new genius, such as Arion or Pushkin, has "been cast up on the shore by the tide," or that an entirely new mode of expression has been created, but that a fever of literary interest has seized upon the country, a torrent of dreams poured over it, and that from the Baltic to the Caspian one section emulates another in paying tribute to literature and poetry. Amidst the general seething of effort, frequently abortive, occasionally brilliant, and the confusion of voices, it needs an attentive ear, attuned to the country, familiar with its language, long bent upon its political activity, to distinguish the true from the false, and isolate essential tendencies and authentic writers.

Any attempt at evaluation of the Russian literary output would be useless that did not take count of its chronology or that ignored the fact that it was at once elicited and bound by a categorical imperative which tended to create new modes of expression for all literary forms, and which produced a proletarian literature deriving from and carrying the stamp of the class in power. As early as 1918-1921, when the civil war was at its height and the intervention of foreign armies was in progress, there came into being official organizations known as the Protecults which were avowedly dedicated to the development of a "specifically proletarian culture." These Protecults founded their circles in the smallest market towns, drawing upon the ranks of the young working men and women for their membership, plastered the walls with bulletins, launched propaganda, produced poets, staged plays, elaborated theories, organized courses, and even formed an international committee.

Despite their enthusiasm the Protecults were doomed to failure. Their effort was premature, and their plan, though grandiose, entirely utopian. Indeed, what kind of culture was possible for them at a time when their membership was mobilized to a man and forced to live on a ration of 200 grams of bread a day and three dry herrings a week? However, though it is true that they failed to lay the foundations of a new culture, nevertheless it would be unjust to deny some measure of service to these organizations, for from their ranks sprang such meritorious poets as Alexandrovski, Kirillov, Vassili Kazine, and Obradovitch.

Such is the creative genius of the Russian people that at the end of a year of peace what was virtually an entirely new literature had sprung up in the capitals and with it had come into prominence a number of new names. "Never," said Maxim Gorky at that time, "never have we had so many young writers, and such a wealth of promise." First came the brothers Serapion and their coterie; then Boris Pilniak, Vsevelod Ivanov, Yacovlev, Nikitine, and Tikhonov, all of whom had breathed in the invigoration of the steppes, and finally the Lebendinskys and the Biednys whose inspiration was drawn from the memory of battle or from the atmosphere of the factories.

The literature which these young men produced was revolutionary. Yet it was equivocal, and capable of diverging in various directions,—toward a savage mysticism, toward a sort of neo-nationalism, or in the direction of outworn traditions. It was not the literature which had been anticipated, and it came as a disappointment and a surprise. The communist leaders, still under the influence of recent struggles, declared war on it. Their means of battle was a review entitled *Au Poste*, a journal deserving of mention not only as one of the best of the Russian reviews but also as one of the most solid and robust of recent years. Irreproachable in manner, easy in style, rigorous and logical in attitude, lofty in point of view, and remarkably courageous, its fault was that it wished to arbitrarily shape the course of the new literature at a moment when if the post-Revolutionary Russian writers had known how to play their rôle properly they would have made no pronouncement.

In 1924, abandoning pure criticism, the staff of *Au Poste* in conjunction with a group of young men, founded the Association Moscovite des Ecrivains Proletariens, and began publication of the review, *Octobre*. But again, as with *Au Poste*, their publication, though its criticism was strong, sensible, keen, well-executed, proved unsatisfactory. They were unaware of their own limitations, and they had no regard for conciseness. Their poetry on occasions was vibrant, brilliant, even winged, and again it was heavy, diffuse, inelegant. Like a *leitmotiv* there ran through the review a theme which was sounded in its first number—the adjuration to writers to "master the forms of the art of the past before experimenting with new ones, and to devote themselves to monumental compositions treating especially of the life of the proletariat."

There is no doubt that there were many essentially sound ideas embedded among the theories of the *Octobre* group, but the best of theories must compromise with realities. Is it reasonable to suppose that in a vast agricultural country like Russia, where cities are oases of advanced civilization, a young writer fresh from the workshop should be able to overstep the precentorship of bourgeois art? Does one begin a literary apprenticeship with "monumental compositions"?

Nevertheless *Octobre* forecast an imposing program. From its pages one learned that its members were about to publish a dozen slim volumes of verse, and that the group of *Printemps Ouvrier* had devoted itself for months past to most intensive work. They had produced fifteen articles, seventy-six novels, 261 poems, and twenty conferences extending over a period of ninety-six evenings, in which 450 authors had participated!

Do not smile at these figures. Remember that two-thirds of these authors had plodded through the Russian snows in torn boots, and that they worked at their writing with the charming ingenuousness of children determined to grow up. In a suburb of Moscow, among many other groups, sprang up one formed of laborite correspondents of the newspapers. Pérékati-Polé, an old writer, blind and poor, gathers them together in his miserable dwelling, and there gives them instruction in writing prose and poetry. There are not enough chairs to go around so the pupils sit on the floor. The works produced by this gathering whose members came reeking of tar and machine oil, and covered with metal filings, are naturally enough crude as yet, but the mere fact of the existence of such a circle is of importance. It is inspiriting to think that these humble laborers are turning after an arduous day to interests of a lofty sort.

There are thousands today scattered throughout Russia who are contributing to newspapers, publishing books, writing poems, having plays put on, seeking experimenting, meditating. And among these thousands names are beginning to stand out in letters of flame. We are not referring to such authors as Alexander Block (whose admirable poem, "The Twelve," has been translated into almost all languages), nor to André Biely, nor to Balmont, nor to Valère Brioussov, who, in sympathy with the Revolution and influenced by it though they were, nevertheless had already had brilliant careers before it broke out. It is not of them that we speak but of those whom the Revolution revealed, Serge Essenine, Koussikov, Arechine, Boris Pilniak, Vsevolod Ivanov, Nikitine, Yacovlev, all of whom bear the impress of the Russia from which they have sprung. Others we have in mind are children of the factories—Lebendinsky (who wrote "La Semaine," a novel of astonishing power), Seyfoulina (who died at an early age last year, having already exerted a great influence upon the younger members of her sex); Tarrasov, Rodionov, both excellent writers, Demian Biedny, who after having written sparkling pages of revolutionary satire has now relapsed into a dull officialism; two critics and journalists without their peers, Sosnovsky and Koltsov, and finally, among the poets, Mayakovsky.

Which of these writers is the most gifted? It is quite impossible to say. But, in completely opposite fields, Ivanov and Mayakovsky are so representative that it is worth while perhaps to consider them for a few moments apart from their fellows.

Vsevolod Ivanov has been called the "new Gorky." Author of several long novels ("Le Train Blinde No. 14.69"; "Les Vents Colores"; "Les Partisans"; "Les Sables Bleus"), he invariably writes of the life of the Siberian peasants during the civil war. When one reads Ivanov, one has the impression of being whirled across the Russian steppes in an express train. The snows are over. It is spring. A vast expanse, checkered with colors, now brilliant, now soft, stretches away. One's chest expands. The eye feasts on the blues, the greens, the rose, and the gold. The soul drinks in the scene, loses itself in it, becomes intoxicated on it. And when the train stops one meets at the station—which is only a poverty stricken wooden platform lost in the immensity of the plains—an aged peasant with a shaggy beard, who philosophizes in a soft voice on truth.

The form of Ivanov's narrative resembles that of his associates. His stories have no descriptions, no narration, no reflections, no psychological developments; acts and words, words and acts are identical. The dialogue is concise, simple, direct, the language has nothing of the literary. Practically throughout their entire length these books are written in swift moving dialogue, and composed of phrases which rarely have more than five or six words. Nevertheless this dynamic writer is a poet. In the greater part of his novels, he abandons himself after his own fashion to an inner lyrical vein, with an effect that is ravishing and that instead of being in sharp contrast with the action of the simple folk of the Siberian steppes, accompanies it as the singing of a male voice accompanies marching men. This lyrical quality in Ivanov can be compared only to that of Walt Whitman or some of the vedas. The woodcutters of California, the pioneers who founded Manhattan could not have been a different sort of beings from these woodcutters and pioneers who will only be able to be judged at the century whose Republic they founded.

With all his abundant vigor, his faith, experience, and observation Ivanov has the many faults of all the young writers who were shaped by the Revolution and not by traditional culture or literary schools. His composition is frankly bad, he makes bad use of details and incidents, and his psychology is frequently superficial. In short he gives us not "finished" works, but crude materials from which a new architecture is capable of construction, and in which gleam many gems.

In the domain of poetry the first place goes to Mayakovsky, whose ingenuous boast which rests, however on a superb talent, is that he opened the channels of proletarian art. Leader of the Russian futurist school, Mayakovsky wishes with his disciples to break with the past, to destroy classic standards, to exalt the individual, to sing of the machine, of trains, of bridges, of cities, of the realities of the present. In his vigorous poems ("Le Nuage en Pantalon," "La Guerre et la Monde," "L'Homme," "Mystere-bouffe," "De Ceci") in his appeals, his manifestoes, his satiric pieces ("Hymne au Juge," "Hymne au Pot de Vib), his long compositions (of which the most remarkable is called "150,000,000") under a torrent of hyperboles, unleashed images, imprecations, and anathemas, Mayakovsky sings of the new day, of the bouleversement which has taken place, and of the prevalent gestation. With the cries of the iconoclast, and the invocations of the neophyte, addressing the sun, the universe, the Revolution, he chants, he yells, he rages, he abuses.

Can it truly be said that he is *the* poet of new Russia, and that in its entirety his poetry bears the signs of the renaissance which it proclaims? It would be an exaggeration to pretend so. His abuse of hyperbole, his too great liking for the grotesque and the startling, his overweening individualism, bind him, despite himself, with that past which he despises. Nevertheless it cannot be denied that he has succeeded in producing most successfully the impression of rejuvenation, that his work is full of a formidable vitality, and that like the work of the best writers of his generation, his poems recapture something of the epic simplicity and the magnificent stumbling of the earliest works of literature.

These works ought not to be considered as things apart. We must not forget that the development of culture, the flowering of literature, presuppose normal conditions, a skilled technique, a certain degree of well-being, of retirement from the heat of events, of leisure, and especially time for maturing. Young Russia has not yet been able to achieve this. And therefore the work of its poets and writers can be regarded as yet merely as a promise of what is in store.

In the murky and dubious sky of European literature, the promise of Russian letters shines out like the rosy gleam of dawn.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

NOTES FOR A NEW MYTHOLOGY. By HANIEL LONG. Chicago: The Bookfellows. 1926.

Recently there have been scattered individual attempts at myth-making, and all have been failures. The conceptions have not been universal: the writing has lacked power: and the teachings implicit in the attempted myths, parables, and fables have not been profound. Haniel Long's "Notes for a New Mythology" does not elude this previous judgment. The writing of the stories and poems which compose this book is careful and finicky, but not boldly simple. The effect sought for has been a pretty fancifulness, and the conclusions harmonize too well with the wishes of a certain type of artist to appeal to a diversified audience. Thus, Long's achievement simmers down to the concoction of a *private* mythology, and we are all more or less adept at that.

In spite of anthropologists, psychoanalysts, and more legitimate psychologists, the strange appeal of ancient myths has not been fully explained. In some way the antique mythology is vaguely awakening in its effect on us. The Labors of Hercules, the Golden Fleece, the Golden Age, and so on do not seem utterly naïve, and certainly they are a call to effort (for what end?) rather than an invitation to dream.

When Haniel Long in "Amirace in Rhidago" has his character declare: "For I have never felt that man in becoming man had exhausted his destiny," he states the true mood of the reader of fairy tales and myths. But when he proceeds to extol the life of dreams and fancies and will-o-the-wisp chasings in this and later stories, it is corruption of the myth-making faculty. When Plato's dialectic could go no further, he broke into myth—for the purpose of revealing truth. Perhaps it is the substitution of delicacy, reverie, day-dreaming, fantasticality as ends instead of truth that dooms our modern "myths."

MY GARDEN DREAMS. By *Ernest P. Fewster.* Ottawa: Graphic Publishers.

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY ENGLISH ESSAY. *By Elbert N. S. Thompson.* Iowa City: University of Iowa.

CELTIC MYTH AND ARTHURIAN ROMANCE. By *Roger Sherman Loomis.* Columbia University Press. $6.

THE STORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By *Algernon Tassin and Arthur Bartlett Maurice.* Macmillan. $2.

LETTERS TO A DOUBTER. By *Paul Claudel.* A. & C. Boni. $2.50.

THE MAIN STREAM. By *Stuart Sherman.* Scribners. $2.50.

THE BORDERLAND OF MUSIC AND PSYCHOLOGY. By *Frank Howes.* Oxford University Press.

Biography

MEMOIRS OF CARLO GOLDONI WRITTEN BY HIMSELF. Translated from the original French by JOHN BLACK. Edited with an introduction by WILLIAM A. DRAKE. New York: Knopf. 1926. $3.

The Memoirs of Goldoni, in Black's translation, have reappeared in the Blue Jade Library, with green and red binding and an orange jacket. Goldoni, the most important writer of comedies that Italy has produced, left his native Venice for Paris in 1762, at the age of fifty-five, and never returned to Italy. In his eightieth year (1787) he dictated the Memoirs in French, and they were published in that language in the same year. The result is an entertaining picture of theatrical life in the eighteenth century, in connection with a narrative of the author's own experiences. The eight-page introduction by Mr. Drake shows Goldoni as an engaging personality, a clever dramatist, and a very inaccurate autobiographer.

The Memoirs, though far from being the best autobiography in Italian, well deserve resuscitation and, in addition, more editorial care than has been bestowed in this case. The translation by John Black was published in London in 1814; but except for this date inconspicuously printed at the end of the translator's Preface, no indication of its age is given. Fortunately, it is a very good translation, reproducing the spirit of the original with only an occasional inaccurate rendering.

Mr. Drake's editorial labor seems to have been confined to cutting out a few passages in which Goldoni analyzed some of his plays; but, since he does not state which edition of Black he followed, it is impossible to say whether the textual variations as compared with the 1814 edition are due to him or not. One amusing error may be mentioned: Goldoni speaks of observing some peasants who had "des queues de lievre sur les chapeaux," which in the original edition of Black is correctly translated "hare tails in the hats;" but in the Blue Jade edition the phrase reads "hair-tails in the hats." The value of this new edition would have been immensely increased, especially for readers interested in dramatic history, if the publishers had seen fit to add a competently made commentary on the text; the material for it is easily available in Guido Mazzoni's masterly edition of the Memoirs, and a suitable selection from this could have been made without greatly increasing the bulk of the book. But, since the previous editions of Black's translation have long been out of print, this handsome reprint is welcome, even without the desirable editorial apparatus.

SAINT IN IVORY. By *Lorine Pruette.* Appleton. $2.50.

DISRAELI. By *D. L. Murray.* Little, Brown. $4 net.

A GREATER THAN NAPOLEON: SCIPIO AFICANUS. By *Capt. B. H. Liddell Hart.* Little, Brown. $3.50.

THE FORERUNNERS OF SAINT FRANCIS. By *Ellen Scott Davison.* Houghton Mifflin. $5.

THOMAS PAINE. By *Mary Agnes Best.* Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

CASPAR COLLINS. By *Agnes Wright Spring.* Columbia University Press. $2.75.

Fiction

THE THIRD MESSENGER. By PATRICK WYNNTON. Doran. 1927. $2.

Hugh Carr, a young English wanderer, upon landing from a steamer at a south of France seaport, is immediately plunged into a medley of perilous misadventures which lead to his undertaking an enterprise involving him in even greater hazards. In the place of a man lately murdered, Hugh travels by airplane to a small, Central Europe republic, bearing the revered legendary symbol that will enable the state government to defeat a conspiracy of the powerful monarchist faction. Menaced by constant attempts upon his life, Hugh at length bests his chief enemies and succeeds in his mission. Although wildly improbable, the story holds one closely to its course throughout by the ceaseless rapidity of its high-pitched action.

BOLD BENDIGO. By PAUL HERRING. Lippincott. 1927. $2.

The scene of this unusually good sporting novel is England during the 1830's, Bendigo, the gallant hero, being a young pugilist who battles his way valiantly to the heavyweight championship of the kingdom. He is backed by leading "Corinthians" of the time, trained by retired fistic masters, and matched against the best competition in the field. Ever a clean, wily fighter, Bendigo incurs the animosity of a dishonorable "blood" rival for the love of the boy's gypsy sweetheart, and the scoundrel stops at nothing to thwart the sturdy lad's rise to fame. The tale is highly colorful, picturesque, virile, spirited, but somewhat repetitious, a fault wholly excusable as due to the necessity of describing the numerous ring contests won by Bendigo before the title is his.

IMMORTAL LONGINGS. By BEN AMES WILLIAMS. Dutton, 1927. $2.

The quality termed "wistfulness," here gently restrained, yet vital and deeply felt, is the dominant note of this excellent novel. It is the story of Walter Overlook's return, in his mid-thirties, a rising New York financier, to the Maine farm of his birth and youth, after an absence of fifteen years. Though unoccupied all that time, the old place has been well cared for by a neighbor, Pot Riddle, the schoolmate of Overlook's boyhood. An honest, stolid oaf, Pot has been married and left a widower with two small children, now being mothered by June, his sister-in-law, who, still unwed at thirty, keeps house for him. Renewed contact with these long severed, but profoundly rooted, associations of his earlier life and the presence of June, his secret worshipper all her days, evoke in Overlook's lonely heart a host of tender, conflicting emotions. The outcome is inevitable from the first, but legitimately protracted and pondered to insure its naturalness. To anyone who has not hitherto held a very favorable opinion of Mr. Williams as a novelist, the book offers generous grounds for a revised, far higher regard.

(*Continued on next page*)

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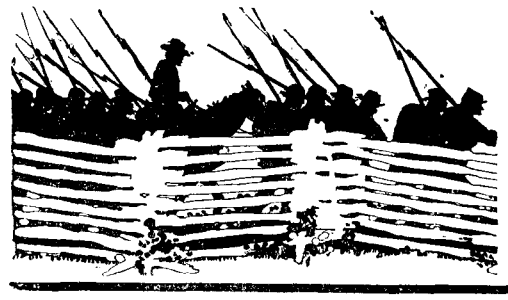

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

RED LOVE. By ALEXANDRA KOLLONTAY. Seven Arts Publishing Co. 1927. $2.50.

Mme. Kollontay's novel is an argument, in story form, for more looseness in marriage bonds. Neither as fiction nor as theory is it impressive.

A young woman Communist, who has already had liaisons with several men, finds that her latest lover is dividing his attentions between herself and another woman. There follows a period of jealousy, of quarrels and reconciliations, concluding with the discovery, on the young woman's part, that she doesn't "need" the man, and is happier running her own show and working for the Party. Implicit, rather than worked out with any thoroughness in the narrative, is Mme. Kollontay's contention that "purity," in the "bourgeois" sense of the word, is an outgrown notion, and that women in the future will be judged less by their "spotlessness" than by their usefulness to their class and country and to humanity as a whole.

As an expression of the æsthetic side of the present Soviet Ambassadress to Mexico, "Red Love" has, naturally, a certain "news interest." The force of arguments involving moral changes so profound as those suggested here depends, naturally, a good deal on the source from which they come. An Ellen Key, for example, would be a more persuasive advocate than one who, as in this case, might appear merely to be rationalizing her own adventures.

ORDEAL BY GLORY. By JAMES MARSHALL. McBride. 1927. $2.

We have found very little of glory in this dourly prosaic, biographical story of a poor country boy's rise to high political and legal power. The span of John Hoyer's years embraces his boyhood in an Ohio village of Civil War days, his youth, passed as a struggling rural lawyer, his maturity, during which, in Chicago, he becomes a prosperous attorney, a supreme court justice, and finally an Illinois governor. Throughout his career he is a plodding, pious mediocrity, unswervingly honest, an entirely credible creation, but too earthily realistic a portrait of his type to provoke any but a tepid interest in the narration of his history. The author, who unquestionably shows that he had the ability and the materials to write a first-rate novel, has instead turned out a volume as tediously solemn and shallow as an inspiration tract.

JUDGE COLT. By WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE. Doubleday, Page. 1927. $2.

Two adventurous young cowpunchers set out to find a mysterious hidden stronghold, Lost Park, where notorious outlaws have long held off capture by the Arizona authorities. One of the lads pays for his daring with his life, while the other, swearing vengeance upon the killers, bends every energy to wreak their downfall. The aroused citizens lend him generous help, but it is our doughty Jim alone who hunts down and slays the two leading desperadoes. Action, suspense, exciting incident are here in a profusion characterized more by quantity than quality.

THE WOMAN ON THE BALCONY. By ROSE CAYLOR. Boni & Liveright. 1927. $2.

There is an oppressive breathlessness about this book that makes one feel in reading it as though one were sitting in a hot, unaired room listening without respite to the endless repetitions of a hurdy-gurdy. Husband and wife, husband and mistress, mistress and wife meet, part, and meet again in a succession of painful, hysterical, and unconvincing scenes. These three people seem to exist merely for the purpose of creating such scenes and of analyzing and exhibiting their feelings for one another. Each new meeting changes the emotional pattern somewhat, without, however, adding anything to the essential veracity of the protagonists. The theme itself—the persistent clutch of an amorous and possessive wife even after she realizes her husband's infidelity—had possibilities, and occasionally the author sees far down into the depths of her problem. But her characters, for all the orgies of sensation that she allows them, remain only shrill and overwrought automata, never achieving importance or even substance.

THAT ISLAND. By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL. Dodd, Mead. 1927. $2.

Mr. Marshall here essays, not very happily, the writing of a comic romance, wherein an elderly, prosperous, English grocer, Jacob Dinwiddy, longing for pastures new, sells out his business and with his family sails for Australia. Wife, son, daughter, and servants accompany the venturesome tradesman, but in tropic waters the ship is wrecked, and the party are cast upon the shore of an island inhabited by friendly savages. Immediately, applying his aggressive efficiency to the task, Dinwiddy starts converting the wilderness into the semblance of a civilized community, building, planting, organizing, and directing with most fruitful results. He continues his progressive enterprise for over two years before the unexpected arrival of a yacht brings succor to the castaways. Successful stories of this type rely, for their sustained appeal, upon the continuous piling up of exciting incidents, the dearth of which makes the present novel an unusually weak and monotonous performance.

A SECRET OF THE MARSH. By OLIVER WARNER. Dutton. 1927. $2.

There seems to be no valid reason for having stretched the limited materials of this story beyond its natural novelette length to an extent slightly shorter than that of the average novel. The weird elements of the lonely marsh, of the old Abbey, its solitary known inmate, and its legendary evil mysteries, are skilfully suggested, but aside from that merit, we have found little to commend. Edward Fraser, a young doctor from the adjacent village, seeks to solve the secret of the Abbey's past and of the present occupant, a misanthrope of fifty, the last survivor of his line. What Fraser discovers on being reluctantly granted admission to the crumbling ruin is a ninety-year-old, bedridden woman, believed dead for half a century, who tells him the tragic story of her life.

RUTH'S REBELLION. By ACHMED ABDULLAH. Doran. 1927. $2.

Surely Mr. Abdullah never hoped that "Ruth's Rebellion" could be read by anyone except stenographers and shop-girls. Furthermore, he has obviously written for the more illiterate members of that class, for no intelligent young woman busy earning her living would stand for the continuous unreality and mawkishness of these pages. Largely divorced from actual living, the novel moves in a world much like that with which motion-picture-minded adolescents tantalize themselves. The villain blackmails, and sneers when he is foiled; the handsome employer marries his secretary and then neglects her; high life at Palm Beach is conscientiously overdrawn; and there is much silly contemplation of stale problems.

THE MARIONETTE. By EDWIN MUIR. The Viking Press. 1927. $1.75.

Mr. Muir wields a skilful pen, he can draw a fantastic picture with a few strokes and create an atmosphere of eerieness; and, if you like to be led through a dream-like maze into the obscurity which most dreams have, then you will like this story of Martin and his idiot son Hans. But, if you are like this reader, and believe that some dreams are merely the product of indigestion, don't read it.

ULYSSE AND THE SORCERERS. By MARIUS-ARY LEBLOND. Stokes. 1927. $2.50.

The brothers Marius and Ary Leblond, who are natives of the island of Réunion, are among the most facile and prolific of French story tellers. Their best known book, "Sortilèges," has now been translated by Bernard Miall under the title "Ulysse and the Sorcerers." It deals in a picturesque but somewhat haphazard manner with life in that tiny French colony in the midst of the Indian Ocean which the authors know so well. More specifically, the life of the blacks, as viewed by a white child, is described in its full color, strangeness, and barbarism. The principal personage is an old negro cook whose son has disappeared. In a succession of weird consultations he seeks the aid of magic in order to find the boy, and at length does so,—the brothers Leblond having meanwhile deployed their entire stock of negro customs and Réunion superstitions. The book is not particularly important as a novel, nor sufficiently detailed to interest the specialist in folkways, but it may provide a little innocuous pleasure for those with a taste for exotic local color. The style is journalistic and inclined to the sentimental.

ALISON BLAIR. By GERTRUDE CROWNFIELD. Dutton. 1927.

This is a young girl's book of adventure with old New York as a background. Miss Crownfield has succeeded in weaving a sufficiently thrilling tale by producing a picture of early America at the time of the French and Indian Wars. Although the plot has the stock pattern of hero, heroine, and villain, the characters are convincing and never fall into the sugary portrayals only too often found in such books. We can well imagine a young girl desiring to burn the midnight oil in order to finish reading the story.

THE BEAUTIFUL VAMPIRE. By THÉOPHILE GAUTIER. McBride. 1927. $1.50.

The gaudy little book published under this equally gaudy title turns out to be Gautier's "La Morte Amoureuse," translated by Paul Hookham, with an introduction, brief, excellent, and to the point, by Gustave Rudler. The story dates from 1836, and the precise blend of Byron with Hoffman indicates sufficiently its period, and the skilful use of other men's ideas which remains Gautier's chief claim to fame. In a sense it is pioneer work, as Mr. Rudler claims, but it is the work of a writer born the disciple of stronger personalities, and its place in the early romantic literature of the nineteenth century is not important. The story of this monk, who is snatched from the arms of the church by an enigmatic apparition, reads for all the world like the fervid outpourings of some schoolboy who has been sitting up too late with a copy of Monk Lewis. Only the exceptional flow of picturesque detail, and, at least in the original, the sonority of phrase distinguish it from the average shocker. The translation is suitably lush, and the whole may be viewed as an amusing bit of flotsam riding the waves of a great literary movement.

THE NEW TERROR. By GASTON LEROUX. Macaulay. 1927. $2.

This may be Gaston Leroux's last book, and in any case his death a few days ago lends it a certain interest. He was one of the most successful writers of detective and mystery stories of the past twenty years, if not always one of the best. His "Phantom of the Opera" has remained a type for ambitious Continental writers and scenarists; even the red plush elaboracies of a Hollywood production did not rob the moving picture version of its bizarre thrill. "The New Terror" is like that book in its complicated plot and romantic background, but it fails to convey the same delicious sense of unexplained evil. The heroine finds herself in the not unfamiliar situation of loving one man and being mysteriously dominated by another. Hypnotic suggestion is, however, only the beginning of her troubles. The mystery is exceptionally dank and difficult and is likely to hold any addict. That it fails to measure up to its author's brilliantly rococo grafting of the novel of crime with a tour of the world's most famous opera house is not discreditable in the least. M. Leroux has produced a great many workmanlike mysteries before and since the "Phantom," and this is another.

SPRINGBOARD. By ROBERT WOLF. A. & C. Boni. 1927. $2.

The collegiate novel, in its peregrinations through the minds of American writers, has reached Mr. Robert Wolf. Mr. Wolf went to Harvard and contributed to the *Nation*. His hero, who is painted at full length, from childhood to graduation, is modelled after the difficult and hampered youths familiar in many of the more serious novels of the land. Precisely this type has not, however, been put through college before, and the result is of considerable importance.

Brian Hart's parents are probably no more unpleasant and are surely far more well-meaning than the average, but Mr. Wolf chooses to stack the cards against them in summary fashion. Every letter of advice to their son arrives at the wrong moment. With their aid, Brian began badly; in spite of them, he has achieved partial self-respect, and some success by the end of the book. His troubles in the interim are many and various. Throughout, the author maintains a remarkably impartial attitude toward his creation, with an undertone of diverting irony. It cannot be said that he succeeds entirely in vitalizing Brian's problems, in spite of the abundant illustrations which are provided for each. There is, in fact, something of the cold-blooded and systematic economist so hateful to our romantic forefathers about Mr. Wolf. He puts everything in; he is admirably complete and explicit in picturing Brian's life at Harvard; but at the end it is doubtful that any complete impression remains. Perhaps it is unfair to judge as yet of the total effect of this novel, for it is clear that Mr. Wolf plans to continue his account of Brian Hart through the war, which is vaguely foreshadowed at the end of "Springboard," but in this first section there is some failure in understanding.

Mr. Wolf writes well, though in a manner nearly as awkward as his hero. His story is excellently handled and bears unmistakably the evidences of authentic documentation. A plea for sentiment at this late date is scarcely likely to seem in place, but it is that ingredient which is lacking. Without it, "Springboard" is an important book. With it, it might well have been the most important of its season.

THE RECLAMATION. By *Edwin Brown*. Four Seas. $2.

SUN AND MOON. By *Vincent H. Gowen*. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

GIANTS IN THE EARTH. By *O. E. Rölvaag*. Harpers. $2.50.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE. By *Stephen McKenna*. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

HICKS JAROU. By *Mrs. James C. Fifield*. Badger.

THEIR TRADITION. By *Guy Rawlence*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

THE RED ROAD. By *Hugh Pendexter*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

DENIED A COUNTRY. By *Herman Bang*. Knopf. $2.50 net.

BROTHER JOHN. By *Vida D. Scudder*. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

PEOPLE ROUND THE CORNER. By *Thyra Samter Winslow*. $2.50 net.

BELLA. By *Jean Giraudoux*. Knopf. $2.50.

MOONRAKER OR THE FEMALE PIRATE AND HER FRIENDS. By *F. Tennyson Jesse*. Knopf. $2.50.

CAPTAINS IN CONFLICT. By *Robert R. Updegraff*. Shaw. $2.

SOME CHINESE GHOSTS. By *Lafcadio Hearn*. Modern Library. 95 cents net.

THE DISCIPLE OF A SAINT. By *Vida Scudder*. $2.50.

Juvenile

TALES OF A DREAM WORLD. By HERMANN "BUD" BUDERUS. New York: M. S. Publishing Co. 1926.

If the manner of this little collection of fairy tales were as good as its matter the book would be very good indeed. Mr. Buderus has a charming and sprightly fancy that weaves a plausible story out of gossamer materials and is capable of producing a narrative that has novelty despite the fact that it uses familiar means. His story of Glass Land and the silver moonbeam which sought out the boy who had rescued it from destruction, of the Indian maid and her lover who was the spirit of a tree, his rollicking account of Billy Jones who was swallowed by a whale together with all the paraphernalia of housekeeping, and his chronicle of the Princess of Daisy Valley are delicate in conception and fertile in invention. Unfortunately Mr. Buderus does not write as well as he creates; his language is slipshod almost to the point of being ungrammatical at times, and lapses frequently from fairly fluent passages into utterly banal description. If he would polish his writing he would add to his tales the one quality that is needed to make them delightful reading for children.

THE SQUARE DOG and Other Stories. By ANNE ARCHBOLD MILLER. Greenberg. 1926.

From the house of Greenberg comes a most engaging book bound in green and red plaid gingham,—real gingham, not paper stamped to look like it, and full of gaily colored pictures, reminiscent of some of the delightful children's books designed by the late Claud Lovat Fraser in England. The Square Dog is an appealing character and one misses him from the other stories in which he does not figure. In fact the text is a long way from being as good as the book and its pictures. There are times when the stories grow rather too consciously youthful and every now and again one catches the author being a little too heavily fanciful and over-sprightly. This year all such books must stand comparison with the deservedly popular "Winnie-the-Pooh." To be sure this one does not aim at the same pleasantly whimsical quality as the Milne story and the author has certainly given the publishers a fine excuse to make a delectable book of it.

EVERYTHING AND ANYTHING. By *Dorothy Aldis*. Illustrated by *Helen D. Jameson*. Minton, Balch. $2.

THE HONOR GIRL. By *Marcia Macdonald*. Lippincott. $1.75.

LYRICS FOR LADS AND LASSIES. By *Mary Street Whitten* and *Julian Street*.

BOYS AND GIRLS OF HISTORY. By *Eileen* and *Rhoda Power*. Macmillan. $2.50.

THE YOUNG FOLK'S BOOK OF OTHER LANDS. By *Dorothy Margaret Stuart*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

THE YOUNG FOLK'S BOOK OF EPIC HEROES. By *Amy Cruse*. Little, Brown.. $2 net.

TOY TOWN. By *Etta Austin Blaisdell*. Little, *Brown*. $1 net.

TOY SHIPS. By *Florence B. Steiner*. Ottawa: Graphic Publishers. $1.50.

SUNSHINE FARM. By *Zoe Meyer*. Little, Brown. $1 net.

TO AND AGAIN. By *Walter R. Brooks*. Knopf. $2 net.

(*Continued on page* 888)

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

A BALANCED RATION

KENSINGTON GARDENS. By *Humbert Wolfe*. (Doran).
THE MALLETTS. By *E. H. Young*. (Harcourt, Brace).
DISRAELI. By *D. L. Murray*. (Little, Brown).

THERE can be such an emotion as generous envy.

I read many novels that I like, some that I highly respect, and a few that I greatly admire. But once in a long while comes one that I would give a considerable part of my life to have written. I do not write novels, but I would be just as hopeless if I did. This spring season has been marked for me by two of these experiences. The first was with "Mr. Fortune's Maggot." I do not only admire its gentle, relentless loveliness; if the Dark Gentleman from Miss Warner's earlier novel should promise me the power to write like that, I shiver for my salvation. But the Loving Huntsman offers no bribes beyond his power to pay, and as for my soul, even to be able to envy the writer of such a book enlarges it a bit.

The other novel is "To the Lighthouse." By wrenching it from my own hands every few pages I spun out the experience of reading it to stretch over seven days, and if seven years of my existence would be of any use to the Parcæ, they could have them in exchange for the power to create either the first part, "The Window," or the second, "Time Passes." I have read, I think, everything that Virginia Woolf has written since the appearance of the American edition of "The Voyage Out," and her method—already brought to an exquisite subtlety in "Mrs. Dalloway"—is no surprise. It is what she does with it here that verges on the miraculous: out of the dipping and rising thoughts and emotions of living to be able to cause life itself continually to emerge "curled and whole like a wave," and to detach time itself from the incidents of the passing of time! It is not enough to admire this book; I wish to Heaven I had written it. This is envy, hopeless and passionate. It is an ennobling sensation.

C. M. M., Van Wert, Ohio, asks if the liturgy of the Eastern Church and its hymns are available in any book or books published in English, and if the liturgy of the Roman Catholic Church is so published.

A VOLUME often seen in the gallery of the Russian Cathedral of St. Nicholas in this city, in which visitors follow the services and in which they have previously read descriptions of vestments and ceremonials, is the "Liturgy and Ritual Service Book of the Holy Orthodox-Catholic Apostolic Church" (Association Press, Y. M. C. A., 347 Madison Avenue, N. Y.), collated with the service books of the Greek Church, by Isabel Florence Hapgood. It shows clearly and precisely the services in general use.

"The Manual of Prayers" published by Murphy, Baltimore, will be of help to non-Catholics following services in a Catholic church. Other books giving information for the following of the services are "Blessed Be God," by Father Lasance, and "The Visible Church," published by Kenedy, which offers information as to ceremonial and other usages and an explanation of vestments. These may be bought at any Catholic bookstore.

B. B., Detroit, Mich., asks for the titles of books on Catholic, Greek, Anglican, and Jewish religious symbolism.

"A DICTIONARY OF THE SACRED LANGUAGES OF ALL SCRIPTURES AND MYTHS," by G. A. Gaskell, an English work published in this country by the McDevitt-Wilson Company, claims to give the significance of every symbolic representation in figures of speech, of spiritual truth in the sacred writings of nine religious systems: its title-page quotes Max Mueller's saying: "Unless we learn to understand this metaphorical or hieroglyphic language of the ancient world, we shall look upon the Upanishads and on most of the Sacred Books of the East as mere childish twaddle." I often have occasion to look up something in this.

There is a continual insistence upon symbolic meanings in Huysmans's "The Cathedral" (Dutton), the English translation of his novel centering at Chartres: these are so constantly and carefully pointed out not only in ecclesiastical architecture, sculpture, and ceremonial, but in so many other details met in everyday life that for days after spending a vacation in and around this cathedral with the book in my pocket, I kept on trying to translate everything I saw. Elizabeth Goldsmith's "Sacred Symbols in Art" (Putnam), is a handbook for students; tourists could use it, as it is arranged for rapid reference. This and Mrs. Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art" (Houghton Mifflin), are out of print, but to be found in many public libraries. A more recent work is "How to Distinguish the Saints in Art," by Arthur De Bles (Art Culture, 707 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.).

The most important contribution to the subject that has been made in recent years is "The Migration of Symbols and Their Relations to Beliefs and Customs," by Donald Alexander Mackenzie, in the History of Civilization series now in process of publication in this country by Knopf.

A. B., New York City, asks for books about Austria, which she is soon to visit.

"THE LURE OF VIENNA," by Alice M. Williamson (Doubleday, Page), endeavors by stories, history, and personal reports of the life of today, to convince American travellers that this is one of the most charming cities of the world. No one who keeps even within distant sight of the vanguard of progress in decorative art needs much persuasion to visit Vienna, where the air is now electric with creation. There are few books for the tourist about this part of Europe now in print in this country: George Birmingham's "A Wayfarer in Hungary" (Dutton), is a recent publication, pleasantly written and illustrated, but Austria is represented mainly by studies like "The Social Revolution in Austria," by C. A. Macaulay (Macmillan), "The Economic Situation of Austria," by Layton and Rist (World Peace Foundation), "Austria in Dissolution," by S. Burian von Rajecz (Doran), and a section in "New Governments of Central Europe," by Graham and Binkley (Holt). F. E. Clark's "Old Homes of New Americans" (Houghton Mifflin), was written before the war to promote understanding of Austro-Hungarian immigrants in this country, and the old "Austria-Hungary" Baedeker (Scribner), published in 1911, is still good. For an idea of what the city went through just after the war read the novel "Viennese Medley," by Edith O'Shaughnessy (Harcourt, Brace), and no traveller should leave out of his mental reckoning the plays and novels of Arthur Schnitzler and the waltzes of Johann Strauss.

F. K. W. DRURY, Assistant Librarian of Brown University, noticing that *M. P., Chicago*, asks someone to start a list of Stay-up-all-night Books, sends in Part Six of his leaflet bibliography, "Novels Too Good to Miss" (Wilson), devoted to "Tales of Adventure," and starting with "All-Night Thrillers." Here they are: G. A. Birmingham's "Spanish Gold," C. S. Brooks's "Luca Sarto," John Buchan's "Greenmantle," "Huntingtower," and "Prester John," S. R. Crockett's "The Raiders," Dumas's "Count of Monte Cristo," Jeffery Farnol's "The Broad Highway," Théophile Gautier's "Captain Fracasse," Conan Doyle's "Study in Scarlet," leading into the other Sherlock Holmes stories, J. A. Mitchell's "Amos Judd," Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein," Bram Stoker's "Dracula," Jonathan Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," H. G. Wells's "The War in the Air," and "The War of the Worlds," and Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," leading into "The Mysterious Island."

If this advice is generally taken, what yawns we shall see—and perform—in street-cars going downtown in the morning rush hours!

A. B., New York, asks for the name of a book published something over a year ago, containing a description of Ledbury, England, the scene of "The Everlasting Mercy."

SHE says that "even Bumpus the infallible" did not know it in England this summer, so she thinks it may be an American book. This fallible institution, finding no trace, turns over the responsibility to its sleuths.

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VOLUME II—PART II
AND THE
INDEX
VOLUME III—PART I

are both ready for mailing. There is no charge for copies of these indices and all requests should be addressed to the:
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The Saturday Review of Literature
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Points of View

The Minority

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

Your editorial on standardization in letters, art, and education was excellent and pertinent, and particularly good was the bit of advice to the critical tribe. He or she who can do fine, serious, artistic work had better do that work than indulge in lamentation and cynical complaints. As you say, a little less recrimination and a little better example!

However, I beg to take exception to the statement that our mass culture is deadly for civilization, or that it is always possible that the minority will be swallowed by the Babbittian majority. There is no such danger, save in academic theory. Genius and ability will out, and neither tyranny nor standardized hosts can stifle them. The artist will write, or paint, or compose to please himself, and the audience will have to come to him, not he to the audience.

The author of "Babbitt" and "Elmer Gantry" had his temptation, but he resisted them. He knew what the commercial publishers wanted, but he deliberately turned to something else, and his success is not attributable to any concession to vulgarity or hypocrisy. There are, as you know, other graduates from the school of conventional and vapid weeklies and magazines. Man does not live by physical comforts and luxuries alone.

Consider some of the recent literary productions—"The Time of Man," "Mr. Fortune's Maggot," "Tristram," etc.—and ask what the mob and the market had to do with them. The answer is—nothing.

Nature may love the average or common man, but she manages to throw up not a few sports, eccentrics, original, and unconventional individuals who form their own notions and ideals, criticize themselves more severely than does any professional censor, and despise work made to sell.

It is not true that the demand for leaders, pioneers, and revolutionary innovators always and necessarily brings the appropriate supply, but it is true that no generation or period lacks its radicals, heretics, and audacious experimenters.

There is no occasion for pessimism as to American letters and thought. Standardization, as you observe, has its encouraging aspect. It increases the number of half educated and half-uplifted persons who furnish recruits to the inevitably small minority of discriminating judges and lovers of the best work.

VICTOR S. YARROS.

The Daily News, Chicago.

A Close-Up

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

May I be permitted to say a few words of praise in behalf of "Cleopatra's Private Diary," by Henry Thomas, which is a most successful attempt to visualize the modes and customs of ancient Rome in modern terms?

It is quite the custom now for authors to give us "close-ups" of famous men and women in history, with "enough of their lives to explain their characters." Two of the most familiar examples are, of course, John Erskine's "Helen" and, "Galahad," but it seems to me that "Cleopatra's Private Diary" is much more successful than either of these books in its attempt to get under the skins of famous historical characters, such as Cæsar, Cleopatra, Mark Antony, Brutus, and other members of Rome's early smart set, who are made to live for us in this book. They come out of the dry pages of history under the magic of Henry Thomas and "strut their stuff" as humanly and vitally as Al Smith, Al Jolson, Senator Borah, or any of our other present-day immortals.

Mr. Thomas has also been most successful in satirizing the intelligentsia of today by bringing to life some of the Heywood Brouns and the Menckens of Rome's Hotel Algonquin days, when little groups of serious thinkers were fond of saying the last word on the literature of the day. Verily one realizes in reading "Cleopatra's Private Diary" that history hath indeed a most uncanny way of repeating itself.

"Cleopatra's Private Diary" is, in my estimation, a most brilliant piece of writing. Its humor is deliciously satirical and the dialogue is pungently witty. The character of Cleopatra is a masterpiece of shrewd insight into feminine psychology, and the accompanying dialogue is a spicy mixture of paprika and French dressing that seasons the whole dish and makes it appetizingly piquant to the palate of the most fastidious literary epicure.

CARTY RANCK.

Cambridge, Mass.

Exception Taken

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

I am grateful for Mr. Leonard Bacon's sympathetic review of "Red Damask," but I must protest at, "He (Mike Heron) is rather a woman's idea of an interesting man than an interesting man." Now what's the difference between an idea of an interesting man, and an interesting man, in a book? In actuality, isn't an interesting man somewhat of an idea in the mind or senses of the beholder? He isn't a definite thing like an umbrella, which is apt to be an umbrella to everybody.

Then Mr. Bacon says, "He is blood brother to Will Ladislaw and Thaddeus of Warsaw, and even Darcy, and all that long array of heroes created by the feminine mind, who madden men as Eustacia Vye, and Cleopatra, and She who must be obeyed infuriate actual women." I wouldn't elope with Will Ladislaw, though he'd be a charming companion for awhile; I don't remember Thaddeus, but Darcy I adore! He's as enchanting as Paul Emmanuel, or Gösta Berling, or Cleopatra. For Cleopatra would infuriate me only if I had to compete with her.

Ask ten people of assorted sexes to name an interesting man in life or literature. After the argument, look at what they married.

Anyway, unless Mr. Bacon is in training, he'd better not punch Mike Heron's eye! And anyway, I am deeply thankful for Mr. Bacon's understanding of the book.

EMANIE SACHS.

One of the Masters

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

The somewhat condescending review of Sir Hugh Clifford's latest book, which appeared in your issue of May 7, stirs me to address you. I have no quarrel with anyone who dislikes or fails to appreciate any book whatsoever. I sometimes pity, but I have learned not to reprobate. It would be unfortunate, however, if someone did not point out to such of your readers as have never encountered Sir Hugh Clifford's work that many persons of discrimination regard him as one of most distinguished and accomplished story-writers now living. This group of persons would also agree, I believe, in considering "In Days That Are Dead" one of his best books. For my own part, I should suppose it to have a more general appeal than "The Further Side of Silence" or "Malayan Monochromes," although I am not sure that it is more remarkable than those volumes. At all events, no one who cares seriously about fiction as an interpretative art can afford to ignore Sir Hugh Clifford. Whether liked or disliked, he is one of the masters. It is high time for American readers to awake to the fact, as—somewhat belatedly—they awoke to the significance of Conrad.

GORDON HALL GEROULD.

Princeton, N. J.

Words, Words, Words

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

Your very interesting article in this week's *Saturday Review* concerning the literary antics of lady Stein and her little group reminds me of the following quotation from a book published in 1923:

"Myriads of us keep growing in numbers, also in largenesses; locks and keys, keys, locks, locks, keys, keys, locks, locks, keys, keys, locks. Myriads of us quick-foot full through, ev-er no mat-ter. Locks, keys, keys, locks, locks, keys, keys. Myriads of us ev-er full us as keep lives giant's growths, ev-er lives giant's keeper, ev-er no mat-ter. Locks, keys, keys, locks, locks, keys, keys, locks. Lives giant's wealth, health and pleasures, ev-er no mat-ter. Lives sweet foreigners, ev-er no mat-ter.——I cannot give any more; locks, keys, keys, locks, locks, keys, locks. Me don't know any more; locks, keys, keys, locks, locks, keys. I will get in trouble. I have been raking away at it outside and in and inside out again. I have tried to write poetry, but could not write any more than six fools."

But the book from which this is taken is the work of no expatriate genius. It is White's "Outlines of Psychiatry," published not in Paris but in the very respectable city of Washington, and the quotation is from an example of the kind of language characteristic of a certain type of dementia præcox. Yet the insane mind which produced this has produced something which the great Gertrude might envy, but would probably praise.

So, if the Stein influence grows, we might do well to look to the asylums for the Great American Work of Genius, and require of reviewers a knowledge of psychiatry rather than of literature.

Easton, Pa. W. B. SCOTT, JR.

The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from page 886*)

LAUGHS FROM JEWISH LORE. By *Jacob Richman.* Funk & Wagnalls. $2 net.

AN OUTLINE OF SALES MANAGEMENT. By *Charles C. Knights.* Pitman. $1.50.

ORNAMENTAL HOMECRAFTS. By *Idalia B. Littlejohns.* $3.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF WITCHCRAFT. By *Montague Summers.* Knopf.

PUBLIC WELFARE ADMINISTRATION. By *Sophonisba Preston Breckenridge.* University of Chicago Press. $4.50.

HERE ARE MYSTERIES. By *J. C. Lockhart.* Stokes. $3.

SURNAMES. By *Ernest Weekley.* Dutton. $2.50.

PUTNAM'S BOOK OF PARTIES. By *Marguerite Aspinwall.* Putnams. $1.75.

MORROW'S WORD FINDER. By *Paul D. Hugon.* Morrow. $4.

SCENES FOR SCENE-PAINTERS. By *A. Rose.* Dutton. $1.60.

THE PHYSIOGRAPHY OF THE REGION OF CHICAGO. By *F. M. Fryxell.* University of Chicago Press.

NUMBERS. By *Isidore Kozminsky.* Putnams. $1.25.

THE WOMAN'S SIDE. By *Clemence Dane.* Doran. $1.50 net.

TOOLS AND THE MAN. By *Helen Drusilla Lockwood.* Columbia University Press. $3.

VACATIONS FOR INDUSTRIAL WORKERS. By *Charles M. Mills.* Ronald Press. $5.

THE CASE OF PATIENCE WORTH. By *Walter Franklin Prince.* Boston Society of Psychic Research.

BESTLAFFS OF THE YEAR. Harpers. $2.50.

BALBUS OR THE FUTURE OF ARCHITECTURE. By *Christian Barman.* Dutton. $1.

RIDDLES IN RHYME. By *L. B. R. Briggs.* Washburn & Thomas. $1.75.

THE TEACHING OF THE EARLY CHURCH ON THE USE OF WINE AND STRONG DRINK. By *Irving Woodworth Raymond.* Columbia University Press. $3.

WAR AND INSURANCE. Yale University *Press.*

I OUGHT TO KNOW THAT. By *Berton Braley* and *George B. Hill.* Appleton. $1.50.

Poetry

GEMS OF CHINESE VERSE. Translated by J. B. FLETCHER. Shanghai, China: The Commercial Press. 1927. $2.

MORE GEMS OF CHINESE POETRY. The same.

The liberalizing influence of trade has frequently been pointed out. In the effort to do business, we learn to understand the heritage of alien groups. The Commercial Press of Shanghai, China, was originally intended to serve only utilitarian ends, but it has now branched into *belles lettres.* Mr. J. B. Fletcher has translated two volumes of Chinese poetry, giving a disproportionate amount of space to Li Po, but on the whole representing adequately the bards of two thousand years. He is a good sinologue, but he is not as fortunate in copying with verse. Unfortunately, he did not follow the free verse form of Amy Lowell and Florence Ayscough, and some of his rhymed songs are as bald as George Borrow's translations from the Welsh. He has no biographical notes, but in his second volume, he shows the universality of the poetic impulse by quoting parallel passages from the poets of the Victorian era.

KENSINGTON GARDENS. By *Humbert Wolfe.* Doran. $1.50 net.

FOUR NEGRO POETS (The Pamphlet Poets). Simon & Schuster. 25 cents.

THE NEW YORK WITS (The Pamphlet Poets). Simon & Schuster. 25 cents.

WITTER BYNNER (The Pamphlet Poets). Simon and Schuster. 25 cents.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (The Pamphlet Poets). Simon & Schuster. 25 cents.

EMILY DICKINSON (The Pamphlet Poets). Simon & Schuster. 25 cents.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY (The Pamphlet Poets). Simon & Schuster. 25 cents.

LAMPOONS. By *Humbert Wolfe.* Doran. $1.50 net.

POETRY OF TODAY. Edited by *Rosa M. R. Mikels* and *Grace Shoup.* Scribners. $1.20

Sociology

SOCIAL PROBLEMS OF THE FAMILY. By ERNEST R. GROVES. Lippincott. 1927. $2.50.

So rapidly in the medical sciences does new discovery follow close upon the heels of formulation that a medical text is almost out of date before it can be printed and bound. But the maker of textbooks in one of the social sciences is usually confronted with the reverse difficulty. The present volume, for example, is a gallant attempt to state fairly the present day trends in family life, and the subject is one about which everyone has views while few have facts. Evidently Professor Groves feels that the great practical importance of the subject to each college and normal school student compels us to face it in the class room even though we can do no more than sift out there our guesses and opinions with regard to courtship, marriage, the companionate, birth control, the economic independence of women, and the new, somewhat paralyzing notions about the relations of parents and children. He discusses all these things and many more with frankness and, on the whole, without bias, recognizing that it is "merely mischievous dogmatism that leads some interpreters of our present psychological and sociological sciences to formulate their teachings with finality." This attitude, combined with no small degree of industry in gathering together what is now definitaly known, makes his new volume the best handbook on family life in America that has yet appeared. What is still needed is a series of careful, strictly objective stream-pictures of family life, for any cross-section view would ignore the fact that a family is really a slow-developing, long-term experiment. As it is a human institution, its successes and failures can be measured, but measured very inadequately if the period covered is less than a generation. A family may fail lamentably at certain points—it is almost certain to fail at some—and yet may become a very valuable asset in the community of which it is a part. Wise Benjamin Jowett once said, "A man's life must be taken as a whole." It is so that we should learn to take the family, dealing with it in all our studies both concretely and inclusively.

Science

INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE. By *George Sarton.* Baltimore: Williams & Wilkins.

THE WAR ON MODERN SCIENCE. By *Maynard Shipley.* Knopf. $3.

THE GENERAL THEORY OF THERMODYNAMICS. By *J. E. Trevor.* Ginn. $1.60.

EMINENT CHEMISTS OF OUR TIME. By *Benjamin Harrow.* Second Edition. D. Van Nostrand Co. $3.

Travel

LOAFING THROUGH THE PACIFIC. By *Seth K. Humphrey.* Doubleday, Page. $3.50 net.

PERO TAFUR. Translated and edited by *Malcolm Letts.* Harper's. $5.

IN BORNEO JUNGLES. By *William O. Krohn.* Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

A VOYAGE TO THE SOUTH SEAS. By *John Bulkeley* and *John Cummins.* McBride. $3 net.

THE NARRATIVE OF SAMUEL HANCOCK. McBride. $3.

THROUGH KAMCHATKA BY DOG SLED AND SKIS. By *Sten Bergman.* Lippincott.

ACROSS ARCTIC AMERICA. By *Knud Rasmussen.* Putnam. $5.

THE FAMILY FLIVVERS TO FRISCO. By *Frederic F. Van de Water.* Appleton. $2.

IN AND OUT OF THE OLD MISSION. By *George Wharton James.* Little, Brown. $4.50 net.

IN CHINA. By *Abel Bonnard.* Dutton. $5.

IN SAVAGE AUSTRALIA. By *Knut Dahl.* Houghton Mifflin. $6.

THE SPANISH JOURNEY. By *Julius Meier-Graefe.* Translated by J. Bobroyd-Reece. Harcourt, Brace. $5.

A ROYAL ADVENTURER. By H. H. *Prince Aage.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

WHAT ABOUT NORTH AFRICA? By *Hamish McLaurin.* Scribner's. $3.

PHEASANT JUNGLES. By *William Beebe.* Putnam's. $3.

MY JOURNEY TO LHASA. By *Alexander David Neel.* Harper's. $4.

THE FURTHER VENTURE BOOK. By *Elinor Mordaunt.* Century. $4.

MALLORCA THE MAGNIFICENT. By *Nina Larrey Duryea.* Century. $3.

THE LAND OF MAGELLAN. By *W. S. Barclay.* Brentano's. $4.

HERE IS ENGLAND. By *Marion Balderston.* McBride. $3 net.

THROUGH EUROPE ON TWO DOLLARS A DAY. By *Frank Schoonmaker.* McBride. $2.50 net.

BAEDEKER'S TYROL AND THE DOLOMITES. Scribners. $5.

JESTING PILATE. By *Aldous Huxley.* Doran. $2.50 net.

THE SHIP OF REMEMBRANCE. By *Ian Hay.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.25.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

HENRY E. HUNTINGTON DIES

THE death of Henry E. Huntington, at Lankenau Hospital, Philadelphia, May 23, closes a career unique in bibliographical annals. He first became widely known as a collector at the sale of the Hoe library in 1911 and 1912. In the comparatively short period of fifteen years since, he has brought more rare books and manuscripts together and paid a larger aggregate sum for them than ever has been done by any other collector in the history of book collecting.

At the Hoe sale his purchases amounted to more than a half million dollars. The splendid copy of the Gutenberg Bible alone cost him $50,000, a record price that caused a world wide sensation. He has since bought some of the greatest collections of his time, and has been represented at all important auction sales in England and America, invariably buying what he wanted and never hesitating to pay the price.

Among the great libraries purchased en bloc and the prices which he is credited with paying for them were the E. Dwight Church library of Americana, $1,200,000; the Beverly Chew library of early English literature, $500,000; the Britwell Court collection of Americana, $350,000; the Duke of Devonshire library, $1,000,000; the Pembroke library, $100,000; the Grenville Kane collection of Washington manuscripts, $100,000; the Frederic R. Halsy library, $750,000; the Bridgewater library, $1,000,000, the Ward H. Lamon collection of Lincolniana, and the John Fiske collection of Americana, comprising books and manuscripts.

The climax of Mr. Huntington's career as a collector was reached in 1917 in the purchase of the Bridgewater library, renowned in England since the days of Queen Elizabeth. It contained 200 illuminated manuscripts, more than 10,000 historical documents and autograph letters, many dating from Elizabethan days, and a rich collection of plays by Shakespeare, his contemporaries and predecessors. The acquisition is said to have made Mr. Huntington's the finest collection of Shakespeariana in the world.

Mr. Huntington's original idea was to bring together a notable collection of books ultimately to be given to the public. With the Hoe sale, his plans broadened and matured. He gave to the task the great energy which had characterized his business operations. The final result is the beautiful library building at San Marino, with its incomparable art and book collections, which by a deed of gift, executed in 1922, is put in the hands of trustees, and so will be available for the use of the public in perpetuity.

The day after Mr. Huntington's death, the announcement was made that a trust fund of $8,000,000 had been created to be used exclusively in research work. Dr. Rosenbach says that "this fund for the creation of fellowships for scholars engaged in historical research and study of English and American sources, for research work by the staff of the Huntington Library, and for publication of research findings, will greatly enhance the value of the library, and will react to bring about a more thorough understanding of each other between Englishmen and Americans."

In 1911, Henry E. Huntington, like James Lenox before him, was regarded as a multimillionaire, with more money than bibliographical knowledge, rashly upsetting the rare book markets of the world, for the pleasure that the notoriety gave him. This mistake is now apparent. His fame is world wide. His object as a collector is universally extolled. It is perfectly plain that he used the only means that could have brought the measure of success at which he aimed. In less than two decades, his achievement has been marvellous, and in his chosen field can never be surpassed.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

A SKETCH of one of the world's greatest and most famous publishing houses is given in "Some Account of the Oxford University Press, 1468-1926," just issued from the Clarendon Press. It is divided into four parts: (1) Historical Sketch; (2) The Press Today; (3) The Press Abroad; and (4) Oxford Books. Historically the Press dates back to the last years of the fifteenth century, and in 1636 the University was granted a royal charter to print all kinds of books. Its work during the Civil War is important because of the great number of Royalist pamphlets and proclamations issued there, and there has been no period in English history in which it has not played an active part. Two of the best known products of Oxford scholarship are the "New England Dictionary" and the "Dictionary of National Biography." Both came into existence in the last half of the nineteenth century. This book contains excellent illustrative examples of title pages, maps, and other work of the Press. In it will be found accounts of the printing of Bibles, prayer books, its official publications, its medical books, and its fine and authoritative editions of the English classics.

NOTE AND COMMENT

THE *Sir Walter Scott Quarterly*, edited by W. Forbes Gray, has had a very favorable reception in Scotland and England.

"A Golden Book of Swinburne's Lyrics," selected with a short introduction by E. H. Blakeney, finely printed in a limited edition of 250 copies, will be published by Martin Hopkinson & Co., Ltd., of London.

William Dana Orcutt, author of "In Quest of the Perfect Book," is busy at work on his new manuscript "The Kingdom of Books," which will be published in the early fall by Little, Brown & Co.

George Brandes, the Danish critic, who died last February, left his letters, manuscripts, and library to the Danish National Library. In regard to his manuscripts he said: "I have destroyed my manuscripts so far as I have been able to do so, but some of them may still be of a little interest and I shall leave them to the collection."

Pickering & Chatto, the London booksellers, have just issued Part XIV of their "Collection of Old and Rare Books in English Literature," which includes authors whose names begin with "S" from Settle to Smollett. This of course, brings in Shakespeare which comprises no less than 350 items under the heading "William Shakespeare," beginning with the offer of a nearly perfect Second Folio, with the rare Hawkins imprint, for £450.

An article in the April *Nineteenth Century* by Davidson Cook, reveals the fact that scores of fine unpublished letters written by Sir Walter Scott to various members of his family, and to his son-in-law Lockhart, are to be found in the Honresfeld Collection, along with the original manuscript of the "Antiquary" and "Rob Roy" and important Burns and Brote manuscripts. The owner of the Honresfeld Collection is Sir Alred J. Law, formerly a member of Parliament.

Robert Louis Stevenson had a romantic love affair in his early manhood in Scotland, which always remained fresh in his memory. The heroine is said to have been a beautiful Highland girl worthy to stand beside Burns's Highland Mary. Years afterwards, in the maturity of his powers, Stevenson wrote the story of their great absorbing passion for publication, but for reasons now well known it was never published. Finding the material, which could not be appropriately included in his biography, and too interesting to be passed by, John A. Stewart has retold the story which he has just finished under the title "The Gap of Youth, being the Love Romance of Robert Louis Stevenson."

The New Books

Travel

(*Continued from preceding page*)

FINDING THE WORTH WHILE IN THE ORIENT. By *Lucian Swift Kirtland*. McBride. $3.50 net.

BY-WAYS OF THE TROPIC SEAS. By *Hermann Norden*. Macrae-Smtih.

THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE. By *Richard Halliburton*. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

JUNGLE PATHS AND INCA RUINS. By *William M. McGovern*. Century. $5.

TAWNY SPAIN. By *H. C. Chatfield-Taylor*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

TRAVELLING LIGHT. By *M. H. Harrigan*. Brentanos. $2.

BRIMSTONE AND CHILI. By *Careton Beals*. Knopf. $5.

THE EPICURE'S GUIDE TO FRANCE: PARIS. By *Curnonsky* and *Marcel Rouff*. Harpers. $4.

MORE PORTS MORE HAPPY PLACES. By *Cornelia Stratton Porter*. $3.50. $2.50.

PANAMA OF TODAY. By *A. Hyatt Verrill*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

War

THE POILUS. By *Joseph Delteil*. Minton, Balch. $2.50.

CARRY ON SERGEANT! By *Bruce Bairnsfather*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

SINGING SOLDIERS. By *John J. Niles*. Scribner's. $3.

THE SERVICES OF SUPPLY. By *General Johnson Hagood*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

ON SPECIAL MISSIONS. By *Charles Lucieto*. McBride. $2 net.

THE EVOLUTION OF WAR. By *Emanuel Kanter*. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr Co.

THE MILITARY GENIUS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By Brig.-Gen. *Colin R. Ballard*. Oxford University Press. $5.

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GOODSPEED'S BOOK-SHOP IS A NATIONAL INSTITUTION. By our catalogues our stock is made available to book-lovers and collectors wherever located. The following are now in print and will be sent free on request: 165—Art and Allied Subjects. 166—Rare and Choice Books. 167—Miscellaneous. No. 164, Genealogies and Local Histories will be sent on receipt of ten cents. Goodspeed's Book-Shop, 92 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS, current books of English and American fiction, poetry, drama, criticism, art, essays, can now be procured from Eugene Pell, 1208 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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OVERLAND NARRATIVES, the Indians, Slavery, the Civil War. Catalogs on request. Cadmus Book Shop, 312 West 34th St., New York.

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WORLD-ROMIC SYSTEM MASTERKEY to all languages. Primers, $1.95; Chinese, French, Spanish, Alphagrams, 30c. Dictionaries, $1.98. Languages, 3 West 40th, New York.

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AMERICANA. Send for catalog No. 2 of books about the history of New York City and State. Arthur B. Carlton, 503 Fifth Avenue, New York.

SPECIALISTS

THE NORTH NODE, an Occult Book Shop, 114 East 57th St. Books on Occultism, Mysticism, Metaphysics, Astrology, The Kabbalah, The Tarot, Hermatica, Alchemy, Symbolism, The Rosicrucians, Theosophy, Comparative Religions, Ancient Civilizations, Mythology, Folklore, and kindred subjects—old, rare and out-of-print, new and contemporary.

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AUTHORS' PUBLICATION SERVICE, Editorial, Manufacturing, Distributing, etc. Biographies, Histories, Special Works, Genealogies, Theses, etc. The Branwell Company, 406 West 31st Street, New York, N. Y.

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A DUTTON BOOK

ANDY BRANDT'S ARK

By EDNA BRYNER

Public Opinion:

"An original and an important book . . . the part dealing with Andy's visit to her father being quite astonishingly deeper and more moving than the rest—deep, and moving and beautiful, indeed as few things in novels are." — *Dorothy Canfield Fisher.*

"A writer new to me—but surely not long to be unknown to every one who likes bravery and honesty in fiction! Andy's hopelessly inefficient relatives, weighing heavily on her hands and heart, disappointing her, evading her, failing her, are yet the men and women we all know." — *Kathleen Norris.*

"The theme is wonderful. . . . I feel almost jealous of Miss Bryner for having thought of it first. . . . It will have many delighted readers, I know, who will see in Andy Brandt's problem their own."—*Martha Ostenso.*

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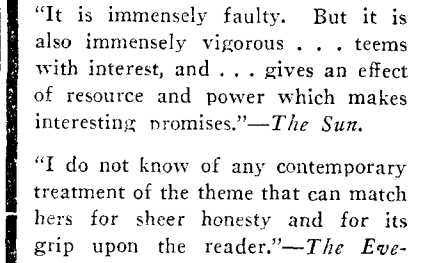

The Phoenix Nest

So much acclaim and discussion have accompanied the publication of *Edwin Arlington Robinson's* latest poem, "Tristram," (and, indeed, so much congratulation upon it is his rightful due), that it may be interesting here briefly to examine the history of the Tristram legend. Since the twelfth century Tristram has been the subject of *lais*, metrical and prose romances, and later poems. The earliest treatment, according to *Maynadier*, is in the fragments by the Anglo-Norman *Béroul*, (1165-70). *Chrétien de Troies's* version is lost. *Eilhart von Oberge* left fragments. *Thomas de Bretagne's* fragments give a different version of the story from that of Béroul, his material coming from the Welsh *Bréri*. *Gottfried von Strassburg's* 1210 rendering is a German adaptation of Thomas. There was a French "Tristram" by *Élie de Boron*, a prose romance which may have Chrétien's lost poem as its source. There was a Norse prose rendering of Thomas's version in 1226. Later there was "Sir Tristrem" in south Scots dialect. And so it went. Tristram was usually put forward as the son of Blanchefleur, sister to King Mark of Cornwall, and of a prince named Ruvalin, or Roland, or Meliodas (Malory). According to Béroul, Tristram's native land was Lyonesse; according to Thomas it was Ermonie, or, as Gottfried von Strassburg calls it, Parmenie,—perhaps, says *Maynadier*, the Isle of Man. There is more made of Tristram's youth, he says, in Thomas than in Béroul. Then there is the question of the love potion (which Robinson does not use in his poem). In Béroul the power of the love potion abates within two or three years, in Thomas not so. In Thomas's version also, King Mark is King of England as well as of Cornwall and the legend is independent of the Arthurian story. . . .

In Malory, says *Maynadier*, there is a good deal of material in the "Morte D'Arthur" from the prose Tristram romances. The origin of the name Tristram is Pictish, of Mark Celtic. Mark meant horse. Béroul even says that Mark had horse's ears under his long hair! The earlier love stories were not of sublimated love, they dwelt upon the natural or animalistic side even to a farcical degree, reminding of mediaeval *fabliaux*. The original story, beside including the *lovendrenc*, or love potion, ended with Tristram sending a messenger to Isolt to bid her come to him in Brittany where he was dying. A white sail is to be hoisted if the mesesnger returns with her, reminding of the story concerning Theseus, in Greek legend. Leaving the lights of Tintagel in a midnight storm Isolt takes ship for Brittany and, on her arrival there, *Maynadier* translates *Eilhart* as saying, "Then she sat down by the knight, and spake never a word more, but laid herself close beside him and was dead." This version of the end was superseded by a narration of how Mark killed Tristram treacherously as he sat harping to Isolt. But in the first version Mark arrives at Brittany, after the death of both, and, viewing them says that if he had only known he would have given Isolt her freedom. . . .

This earliest Mark approaches in nature more nearly to the Mark of Robinson's poem. He is, though with an evil reputation, with seeds of great good in him. *Maynadier* brings out the significance of the general story as a theme for a modern poet when he remarks upon its being the first long story with romantic love for its central theme. The story of Dido is only an episode in the "Æneid," the *lais* are short episodes, the theme of "Siegfried" is vengeance, and so on. He also remarks the combination in the Tristram story of the mystery of the sea with the mystery of love, a point which *Robinson* has superbly made in his poem. One of the most memorable things about it is the stillness brooding over the sea at the climax. Robinson has discarded all such medieval trappings as the love potion, the cowardly steward stealing the head of the dragon—he has almost, indeed, discarded the dragon itself,—Tristram's fairy dog, Petit-Criu, with his magic bell, and so on. Out of the mass of garnishing upon the story he has seized the great essentials and has completely humanized it for all time. It is truly timeless in his telling of it. And for the first time he has given Isolt of Brittany her rightful part in it. Hers is a remarkable portrait, though all the women in the story are portrayed remarkably. . . .

The latest of the Centaur Bibliographies is on the writing of *Norman Douglas* by *Edward D. McDonald*, with notes on the books by *Norman Douglas*. Mr. McDonald wrote the *D. H. Lawrence* bibliography. The frontispiece is an unpublished photograph of Douglas, his own comments are characteristically pungent, and a reproduction is inserted of the title-page of one of the scarcer items, "Unprofessional Tales." The Centaur Bookshop, publisher, is at 1224 Chancellor Street, Philadelphia. . . .

One hundred bucks goes to the reviewer who best assesses the literary value of "Elmer Gantry," from the *Forum*. The only condition is that your review must have been published in some magazine or newspaper before August 1, 1927, and that it be submitted to the *Forum* before August 15. . . .

SINCLAIR LEWIS

One hundred and fifty bucks goes to any undergraduate student in colleges or universities for the best essay of not more than 1,000 words either substantiating or disproving the statement made by the *New York Times* that "Springboard" by *Robert Wolf* is "easily the best college novel yet written in America." *Heywood Broun* is sole judge and the firm offering the award are Mr. Wolf's publishers, A. & C. Boni. The contest will close June 30th and the award be made September 30th. . . .

Evelyn Scott, author of the recent "Migrations" and of a new book "Ideals: A Book of Farce and Comedy" to be published in September, arrived three days ago on the *Majestic* to spend a few months over here. She has made her home for some years in England, although last winter was spent in Algeria. . . .

We curse ourselves. We received the following interesting letter from our esteemed *Alexander Harvey* sometime early in April and never printed it. Here goes now anyway:

That reference to *Leonard Dalton Abbott* in a recent issue of *The Saturday Review* prompts me to remind you that he is now editing *Physical Culture*.

George Sylvester Viereck has left the editorial staff of the Macfadden Publications and is about to sail for Europe to interview great men there for great periodicals.

I note, too, some references in your pages to the demand for flapper fiction. There is a demand for fiction everywhere. Even the Vanguard Press is not finding it easy to get fiction for its series of radical classics. I know of one or two writers who have been approached. Unfortunately the writers of fiction have to work eighteen hours a day as it is. I have never known tales of young love to be so eagerly sought by publishers and so hard to come by. Yet it is unexpected to have the editors of the Vanguard Press clamoring vainly for tales of young love. We shall hear next that tales of young love are eagerly sought by the editor of *The Homiletic Review*, but I predict that he will find it difficult to get them. If you have a tale of young love among your old manuscripts, send it to anybody at all and it will have a chance.

Heard of The Momus Society, Sixty-nine Jane Street? You have to make an appointment for an interview, inclose a ten dollar initiation fee, and then get once a month some form "of entertainment of high æsthetic value but at the same time of such a nature as would naturally bar it from public presentation." The six at present projected programs are drawn from the Cinema, the Drama, the Dance, Eurhythmics, Music and the Ballet, says Momus. The first program will include—or included, for all we know—a showing of Rose Bernd, a film made in Germany from *Hauptmann's* famous plot. Each Momus performance takes place at midnight. "Momus will issue a privately printed work of Erotica for members only." Monthly dues five dollars. . . .

Well, we're going home and write our story of young love for the *Homiletic Review!*

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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